

SPAWN[®]




140



DIGITAL
EDITION

SPAWN.COM




"ABANDON
HOPE, ALL YE
WHO ENTER..."

SHUT UP.
GET OUT OF
MY HEAD.

IS THIS TRULY
WHAT YOU
WANTED? IS THIS
WHAT YOU
EXPECTED?

THE KINGDOMS
OF HELL, SPLAYED
OPEN BEFORE YOU
LIKE A ROTTED
CORPSE.


YOU MUST BE
VERY BRAVE,
OR UTTERLY
MAD.



I MUST BE
MAD. THERE'S
NO OTHER
EXPLANATION.


TO STEAL THE
SKIN OF A DEMON
AND WALK
WILLINGLY INTO THE
BOWELS OF HELL.

WHAT ON EARTH
WAS I THINKING?




THE FIRST THING
THAT BECOMES CLEAR
IS THAT THIS ISN'T
MERELY A PLACE. IT'S
SOMETHING MORE.

IT IS ALIVE.
IT MOVES
BENEATH ME,
SHIFTS UNDER
MY FEET.



IT IS ANCIENT
AND VAST
AND VERY
SLOW, BUT IT
IS LIVING
NONETHELESS.


AND EVERY
INCH OF IT
SCREAMS IN
AGONY.



AND IF THAT
WASN'T BAD
ENOUGH, I
CAN'T SEEM
TO SHAKE THE
VOICE OF
DOOM
WHISPERING
IN MY EAR.


YOU WERE TOO
RASH. YOU
DIDN'T THINK
MATTERS THROUGH,
DID YOU?

SERIOUSLY.
YOU'RE NOT
HELPING.




WHAT WAS I EXPECTING?
SLIPPING INTO SOMEONE
ELSE'S ALTER-EGO...THE
HELLSPAWN IS PART OF HIM,
PART OF AL SIMMONS.

AND NOT
A VERY
NICE PART.




BUT THERE IS
POWER AS WELL.
AND A DEGREE
OF MAJESTY. AND
FOR NOW IT IS
MINE TO WIELD.

I CAME
HERE FOR A
REASON
AND I DON'T
INTEND TO
LEAVE TILL
I'M
FINISHED.




THIS PLACE
SEEPS UNDER MY
SKIN, SHIVERS
DOWN MY SPINE.
THE VERY FABRIC
OF THIS WORLD
"TASTES"
OF DESPAIR...
LONELINESS...
FEAR... WASTE...

LAKES OF
BRISTONE.
FORESTS OF
BONE.



HOW BIG IS THIS PLACE?
THAT TOWER COULD BE A
HUNDRED MILES HIGH FOR
ALL I CAN TELL.

YOU ARE TOO
MUCH GIVEN
TO REVERIE.



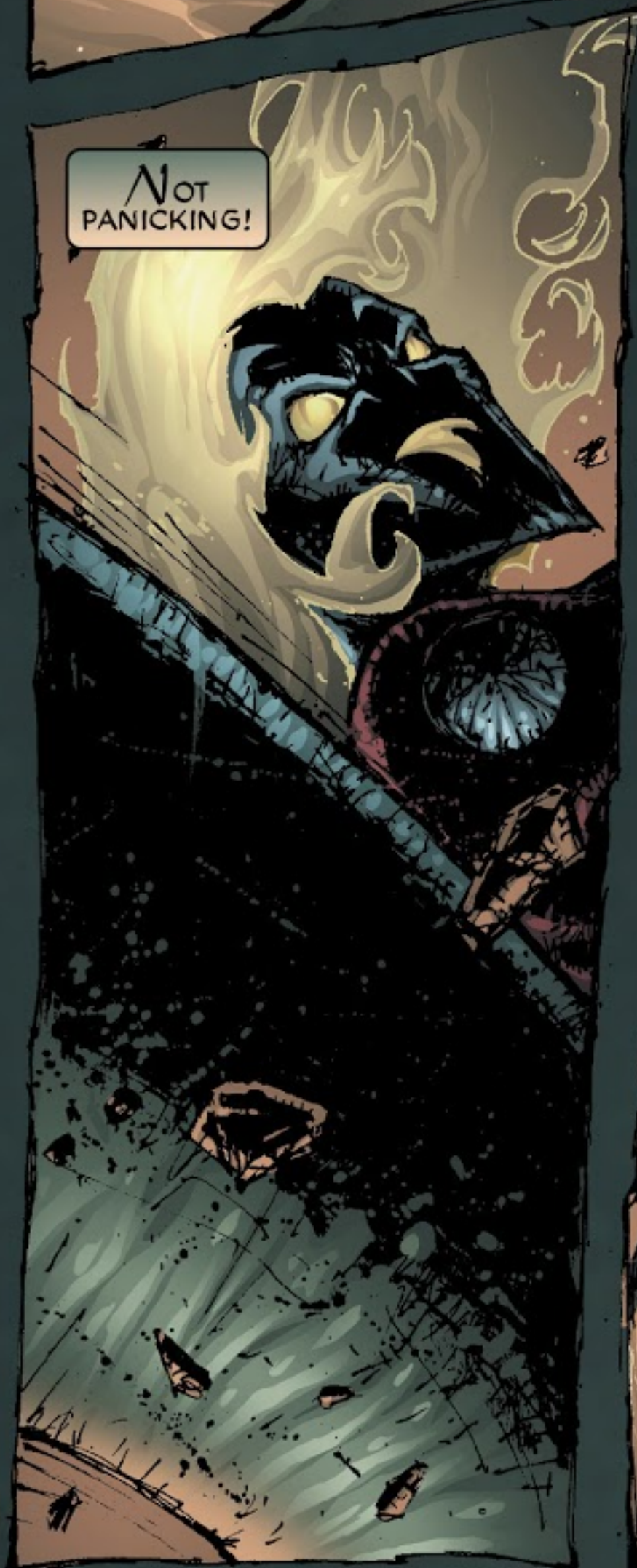
YOU NEED TO
STAY FOCUSED.
KEEP YOUR WITS
ABOUT YOU.



OR YOU WON'T
MAKE IT ANOTHER
TEN STEPS IN THIS
PLACE.



DON'T PANIC.



NOT PANICKING!



CONCENTRATE.


CONCENTRATE!



COME ON! HOW DOES THIS BODY EVEN WORK?



YOU HAVE
A NEW
SET OF
INSTINCTS.
LISTEN TO
THEM.



Okay.
LISTENING.

INSTINCTS?
ARE YOU
THERE?



HELLO?




Stop
struggling...

Surrender...



Don't fight it...
it's easier
in the long
run...

STOP IT!
ONE GHOST
NAGGING IN
MY EAR IS
MORE THAN
ENOUGH!




Don't
struggle...
this is
where you
belong...

Down
here in
the
darkest
depths...



You've
always
been a
FAILURE...



It's
so much
easier
once you
quit
fighting
it.

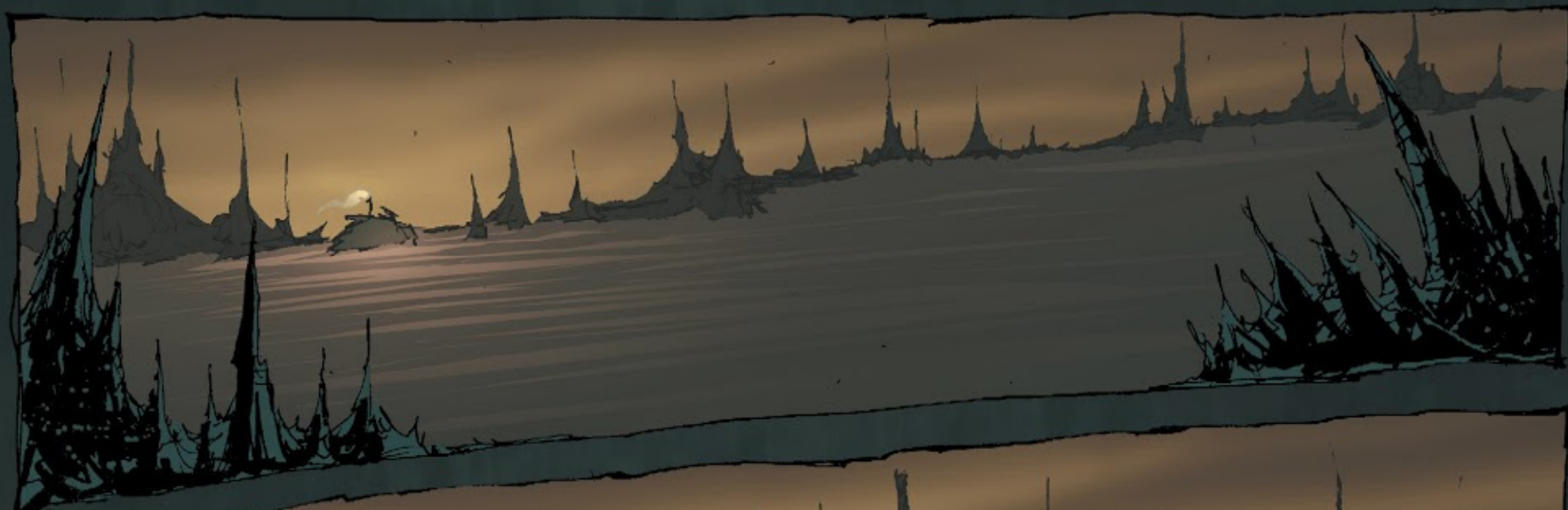
NO!




Just
give
in.




It'll all
be OVER
SOON...





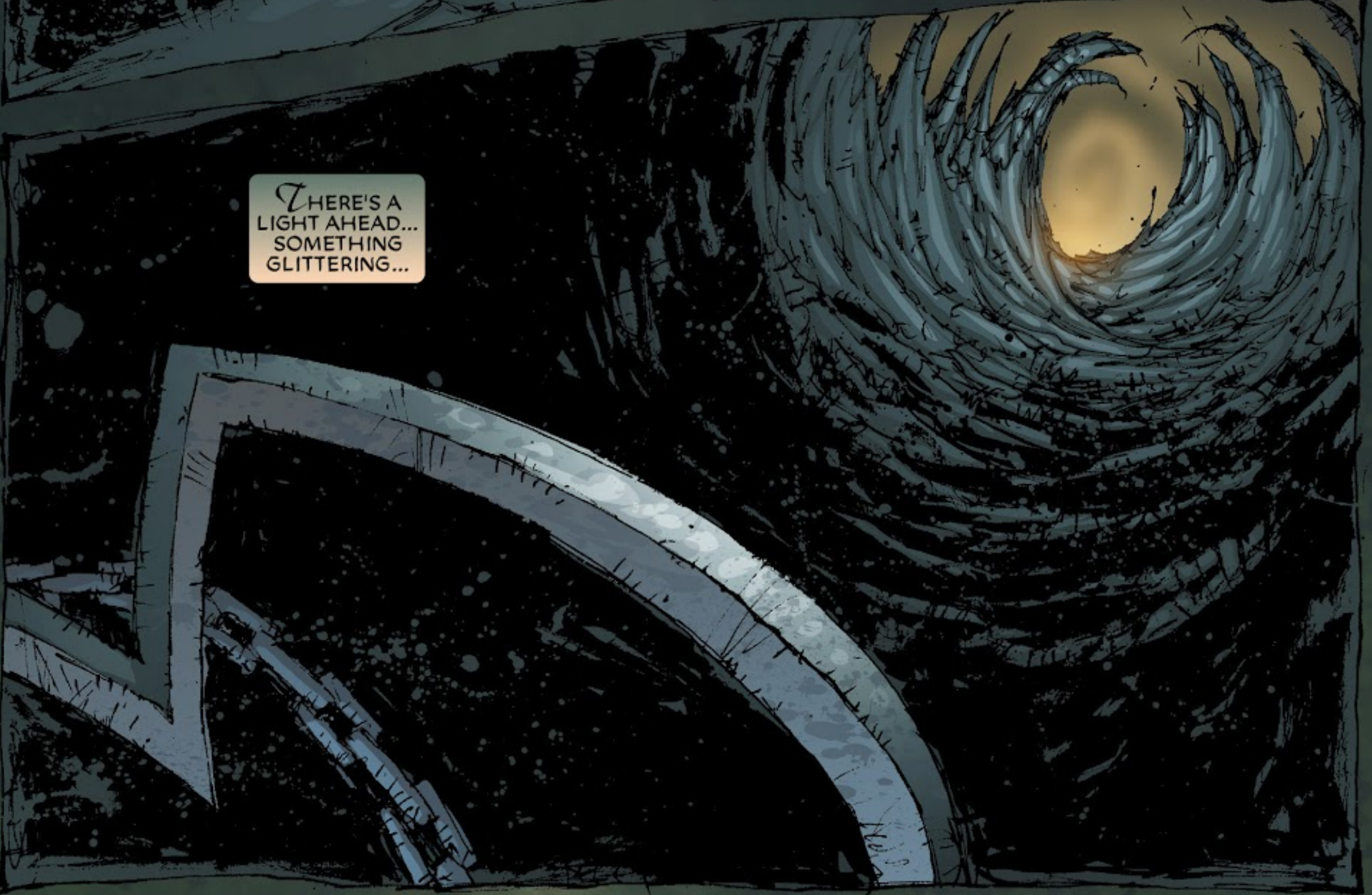
How
LONG HAVE
I TRAVELED
THROUGH
THESE
SHADOWS?

DAYS?
YEARS?
CENTURIES?



TIME
STRETCHES
TO THE POINT
WHERE IT
HOLDS NO
MEANING.

IT FEELS LIKE
I'VE BEEN
WALKING FOR
LIFETIMES AND
YET I'M STILL
AT THE VERY
EDGE OF THIS
WORLD.



THERE'S A
LIGHT AHEAD...
SOMETHING
GLITTERING...



WHAT
IS
THAT?

WARM LIGHTS
HANGING FROM TREE
BOUGHS. LIKE
SUMMER LUMINARIES
OR FIREFLIES IN
GLASS JARS.

IT'S
ALMOST...
BEAUTIFUL.

OH MY
GOD.

GODDESS
SAVE ME!
THOSE ARE
PEOPLE.



THEY ARE BUT A
FEW OF THE
DAMNED. HAVE YOU
FORGOTTEN WHERE
YOU ARE? THEY ARE
OF NO CONCERN.

BUT...I
CAN'T JUST...
I MEAN...



HELP...
PLEASE
HELP ME...I
BEG FOR
RELEASE...

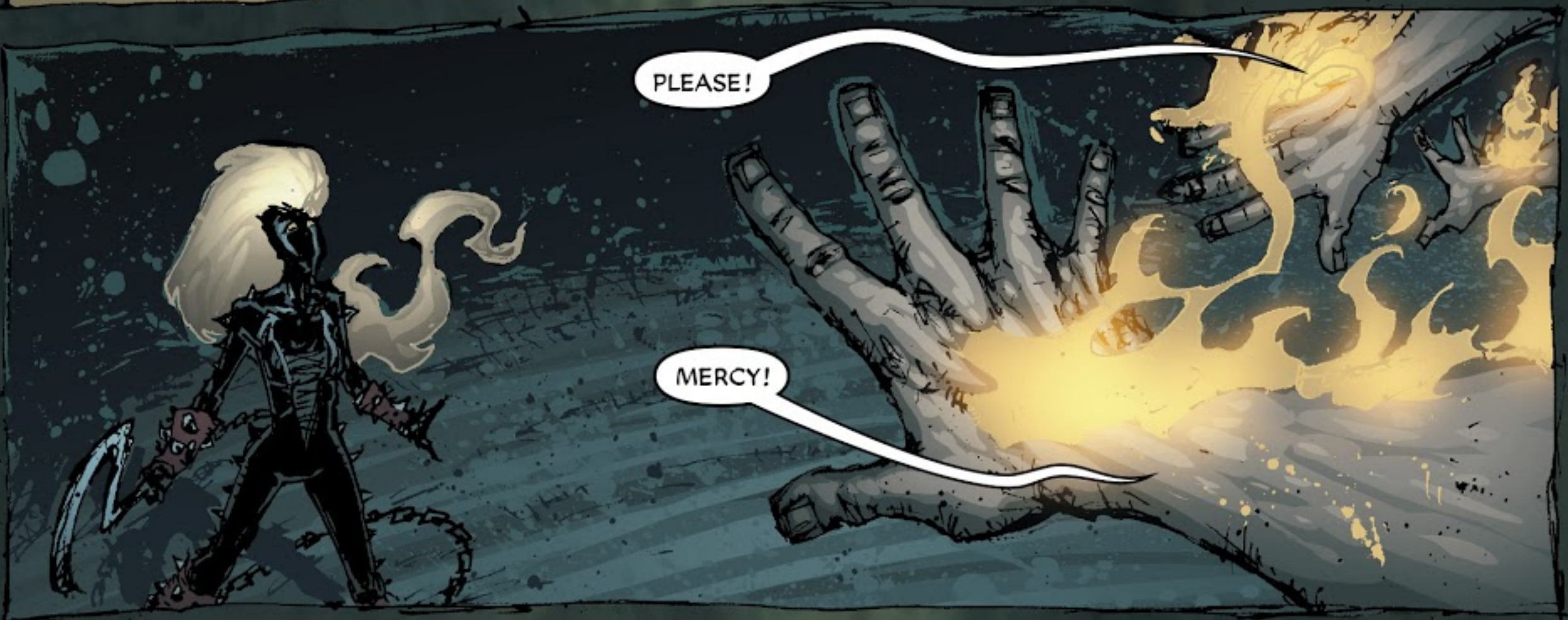


THERE'S
BEEN A
TERRIBLE
MISTAKE.
I DON'T
BELONG
HERE.

PLEASE!
TELL ME
YOU'VE COME
AT LAST TO
FREE ME!



IT WAS
AN ACCIDENT.
I SWEAR! I
DIDN'T MEAN
TO HURT
THEM!!



PLEASE!

MERCY!



I'VE
LEARNED
MY LESSON!
HONEST! I'LL
NEVER DO IT
AGAIN! I
SWEAR...



JUST LET
ME OUT!
JUST FOR A
MINUTE!



IT IS FOLLY
ENOUGH TO
RESCUE ONE
SOUL.

I...

YOU WERE
GIVEN SAFE
PASSAGE FOR
YOURSELF AND
ONE OTHER.
THAT IS ALL.



DON'T
GO! PLEASE...
LEAVE US
WITH SOME
HOPE!



WASTE NO
MORE TIME
HERE.

I'M
SORRY...
I'M SO
SORRY!

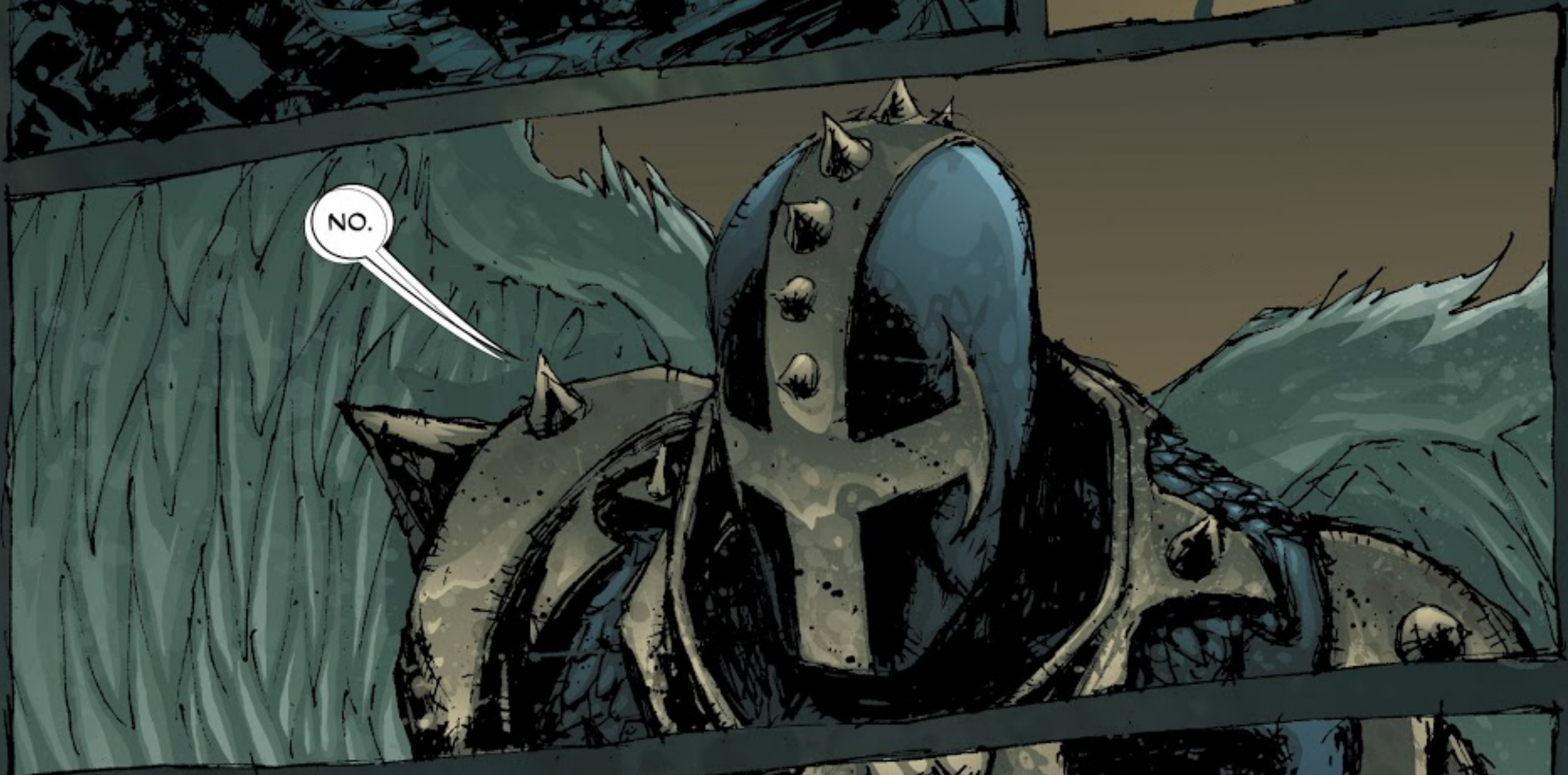
I THINK
I'M GOING
TO BE SICK.



THEY ARE NOT
WORTH YOUR
SENTIMENT.

I FEEL
SO... I
CAN'T EVEN
THINK OF
THE WORD.

So...
EVIL.





IS THIS...
WAS THIS
A CITY?

I MEAN...
A HUMAN
CITY?



DOES IT
MATTER?
YOU ARE
NOT A
TOURIST.

KEEP YOUR
MIND FIXED ON
YOUR TASK.
THE SOONER
YOU FULFILL IT,
THE SOONER
YOU CAN
RETURN HOME.



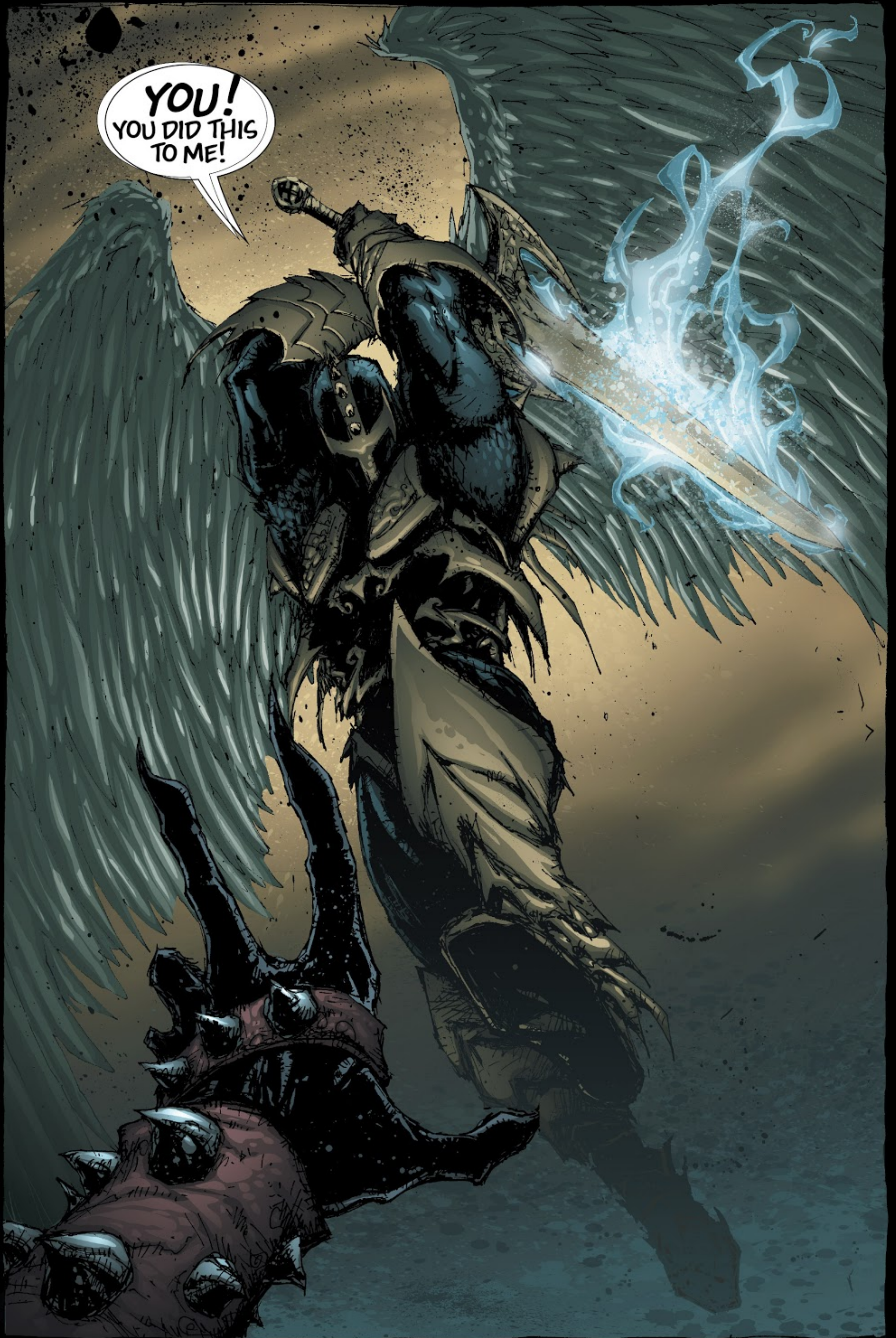
AND THE
SOONER
YOU CAN
BE DEALT
WITH.

GREAT.
THANKS FOR
THE PEP
TALK.



AND DO TRY
TO KEEP
YOUR WITS
ABOUT YOU.

YOU!
YOU DID THIS
TO ME!





I TRIED
TO HELP YOU!
AND YOU
ABANDONED
ME TO
HELL!



UGH!



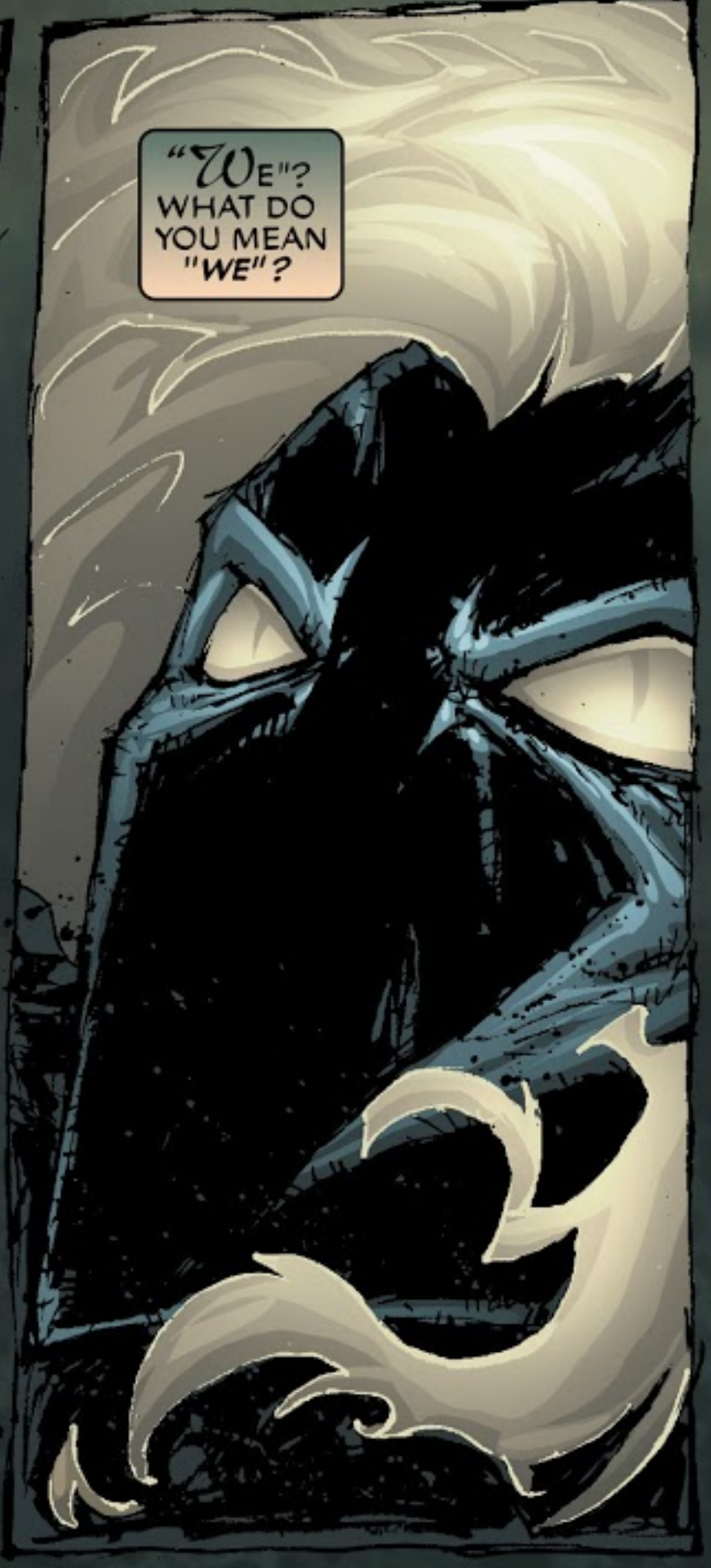
WHO
THE
HELL IS
THAT?



AN OLD
ADVERSARY.



WE... MAY
HAVE DONE
HIM A GREAT
WRONG.



"WE"?
WHAT DO
YOU MEAN
"WE"?



YOU!
YOU'RE
NOT
HIM!

HIM?
OH,
HIM.

NO, I'M NOT.
AT LEAST NOT
ENTIRELY.





SO LET
ME GUESS.
YOU DON'T
BELONG HERE
EITHER.

NO.
WELL...
PERHAPS
I DO.



I KILLED
MY
FATHER.

BUT
THAT
WAS A
LONG
TIME
AGO.



THAT WAS
BEFORE I WAS
REBORN INTO
THE LIGHT.



HE IS NOT
ONE OF THE
DAMNED. IN
FACT, HE
BEARS THE
MARK OF
HEAVEN.
YOU MAY
TRUST HIM.



OKAY.
TELL ME
YOUR
STORY.



I WAS
HERE WITH
HIM, DURING
THE LAST GREAT
UPHEAVAL. I
FOUGHT ON HIS
SIDE AGAINST
THE ARMIES
OF HELL.

AND
THEN HE
RENOUNCED
HIS THRONE
AND LEFT ME
BEHIND.



BECAUSE I WEAR
HEAVEN'S LIVERY, I AM
FREE TO TRAVEL WHERE
I WILL AND NONE MAY
HARM ME. BUT I AM
STILL IN HELL.

THE
SCREAMS
ALONE ARE
ENOUGH TO DRIVE
YOU MAD. AND
THINGS GET
WORSE BY THE
DAY.



THE **NEW**
KING HAS GIVEN
CONTROL TO THE
MAJOR DEMONS,
WHILE HE SHUTS
HIMSELF AWAY,
BUILDING HIS
TOWER.

HE HASN'T
STEPPED FOOT IN
HIS KINGDOM SINCE
HE STOLE THE
THRONE. SOME SAY HE
IS BUILDING SKYWARD
TILL HE CAN BREACH
THE WALLS OF
HEAVEN.

OTHERS
SAY HE GUARDS
HIMSELF AGAINST
REVENGE. NO
ONE KNOWS FOR
SURE.



REVENGE?
FROM WHOM?

FROM THE
HELLSPAWN.
YOU ARE NOT
HIM. BUT YOU
WEAR HIS
MANTLE.




YEAH...
WELL IT'S
KINDA...

STOLEN.
SNATCHED
AWAY BY
TREACHERY.

...BORROWED.
TEMPORARILY.



I'M HERE
LOOKING FOR A
SOUL. A HUMAN
SOUL. A FRIEND OF
MINE. I MEAN TO
SET HER FREE. I'M
NOT HAVING A
LOT OF LUCK
SO FAR.



THIS IS A
LUCKLESS REALM.
BUT I CAN GUIDE
YOU. I WILL ESCORT
YOU IF YOU PROMISE
TO TAKE ME WITH
YOU WHEN YOU
LEAVE.

I KNOW
THE HELL-LANDS,
ITS SHADOWS AND
VALLEYS. AND
NONE HERE MAY
LAY A HAND
ON ME.



TAKE
YOU
WITH ME?
BUT--

HE MAY
PROVE
USEFUL.
LIE TO
HIM.



OKAY.
IT'S A
DEAL.

I HAVE
YOUR
WORD?

YES. YOU
HAVE MY
WORD. NOW
LET'S GET
MOVING.



SPAWN[®]



141



DIGITAL
EDITION

SPAWN.COM





SOARING
THROUGH
BLUE
SUMMER
SKIES...
FREE AS
A BIRD...
NOT A
CARE IN
THE
WORLD.



HOW I LOATHE
IT NOW.

FROM
ABOVE,
YOU GET A
CLEARER
PICTURE
OF HELL.



A HUNDRED
THOUSAND
LANDSCAPES
OF TORTURE,
ALL
STITCHED
TOGETHER
INTO SOME
PROFANE
PATCHWORK
QUILT.




EVERYWHERE
IS DIFFERENT,
BUT ALL OF IT
THE SAME.



PAIN...
ANGUISH...
LONELINESS...
FEAR...
ISOLATION...

SO MANY
SHADES
OF
HORROR
AND NOT
A SINGLE
RAY OF
HOPE.




A DISTANT
CRACK OF
LIGHTNING
ILLUMINATES
THE SKY
IN A SICK,
SULFURIC
GLOW.

THE *BLACK
TOWER* IS
SILHOUETTED
AGAINST THE
CLOUDS, A
COLOSSAL
JAVELIN
AIMED AT
HEAVEN.



A
CONSTANT
REMINDER
TO ALL
WHO
DWELL
HERE.

WE ARE
BEING
WATCHED.



AND WE
ARE BEING
JUDGED.



I WAS BEGINNING TO THINK YOU WEREN'T COMING BACK.

I GAVE YOU MY WORD.

SO, DID YOU LEARN ANYTHING?



HELL IS *CHANGING*. EVEN IN THE SHORT TIME I'VE BEEN HERE, I CAN TELL. IT'S *MUTATING* INTO SOMETHING DIFFERENT.

THE NEW KING IS SHUTTERED AWAY IN HIS TOWER. EVERY IMP AND *SHADOW* HAS AN OPINION ON WHAT HE'S DOING, BUT NONE CAN SAY FOR CERTAIN.



THE BORDERS ARE ALL *FALLING*. THE *CIRCLES OF HELL* ARE BEGINNING TO *BLEED* INTO EACH OTHER. NO ONE IS SURE WHAT WILL HAPPEN WHEN THAT OCCURS.

THIS PLACE... IF I HAD KNOWN, I COULD NEVER...

YOU WERE RASH.



I MEAN, I IMAGINED, BUT... IT'S JUST BEYOND ANY...

A NAIVE FOOL.



WE ARE AT THE *EDGES OF HELL*. TRUST ME, IT GETS *MUCH WORSE* THE DEEPER WE GO.

IT'S NOT TOO LATE. HEAD BACK. BEG FOR YOUR LIFE. HE MIGHT SHOW MERCY.



SHUT UP! I DIDN'T COME THIS FAR JUST TO TURN BACK!

EXCUSE ME?

SORRY. THERE'S... UH... THIS VOICE IN MY HEAD. *SPAWN'S* VOICE.

APPARENTLY WHEN I STOLE HIS POWER, HIS *SUBCONSCIOUS* DECIDED TO TAG ALONG FOR THE RIDE.



OH.

LISTEN... I HAVE TO ASK YOU. YOUR FRIEND... *THEA*...WHAT DID SHE DO?

WHAT DO YOU MEAN?



SHE'S HERE FOR A REASON. WAS SHE A MURDERER? A PEDOPHILE?

NO! NOTHING LIKE THAT. JUST A SAD, LOST SOUL.

THAT'S GOOD.

GOOD?




YES. IT MEANS WE WON'T HAVE TO GO IN VERY FAR.



I TAKE IT
THE THRESHOLD
FOR GOOD NEWS
IS PRETTY LOW
HERE.

YOU'RE
WASTING
TIME.
EVERY
MOMENT
YOU
SPEND...

YEAH.
YEAH. I
KNOW.




LISTEN, THERE'S
A *CONJURING* I CAN DO.
A *SPELL* TO *LOCATE* HER.
BUT IT REQUIRES TOTAL
CONCENTRATION.

SO IF YOU
CAN MAKE SURE
I'M NOT *EATEN* OR
IMPALED OR *CRUCIFIED*
BY ANYTHING, I'D BE
MUCH OBLIGED.



THEA...
MY SISTER IN
SHADOWS... DEAR
OF MY HEART...
BY OUR *BLOOD-
MINGLED OATH*
I CALL TO
YOU...



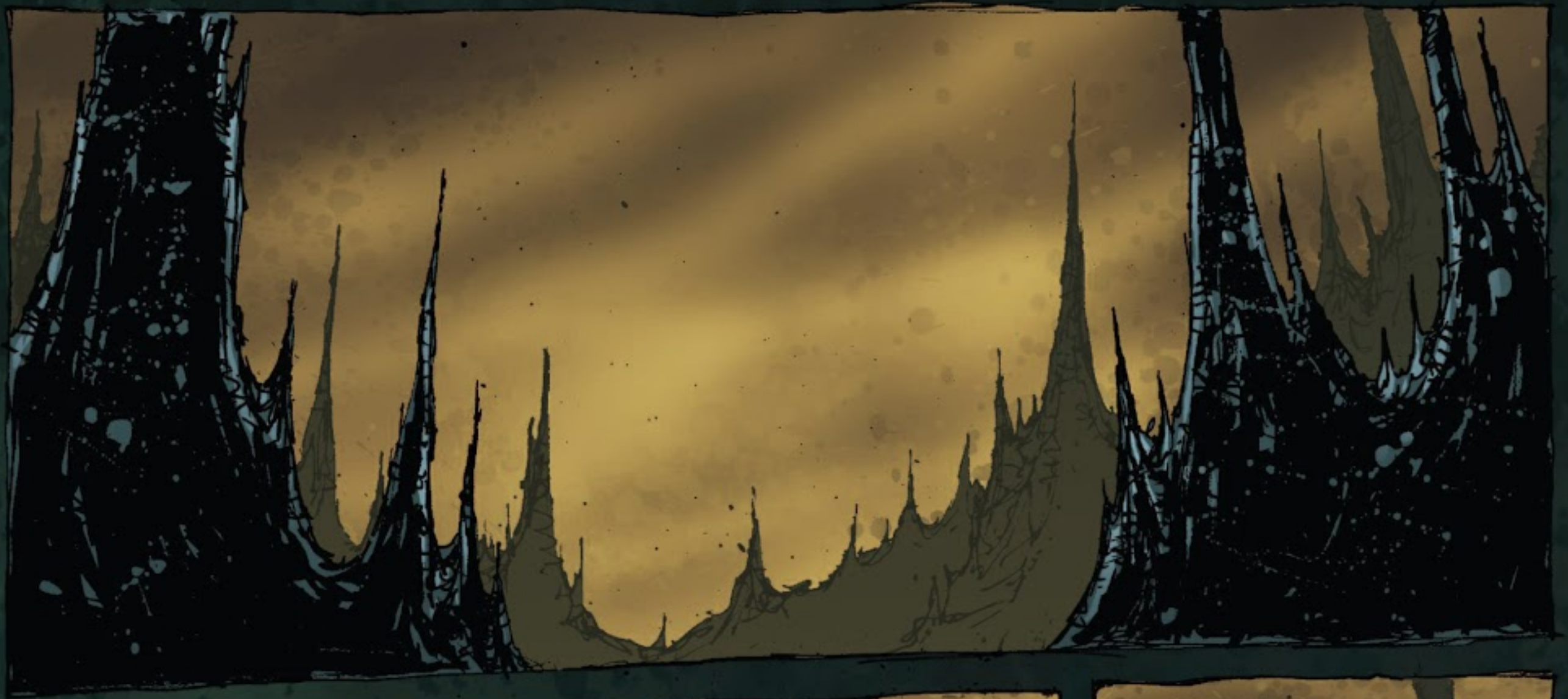
WE ARE *BOUND*
WITH A POWER
BEYOND WORLDS...
CALL TO ME AS I CALL
OUT TO YOU... SHOW
ME THE WAY THAT I
MAY FIND YOU...



AND IN
FINDING
YOU... SET
YOU *FREE*...
SHOW ME
THE... I... I
CAN SEE
HER!



OH,
GOD. IT'S
SO
DARK.



WE'RE
GETTING
CLOSER. I
CAN FEEL
IT.



THIS IS
THE VALE OF
DESPAIR.

IT IS A PLACE
GIVEN OVER TO
PROFLIGATES AND
SUICIDES. TO THOSE SO
LOST TO THEIR OWN
DARKNESS, THEY CAN
NEVER HOPE TO FIND
THEIR WAY FREE.

SHE
MUST HAVE
BEEN A
TROUBLED
GIRL, YOUR
FRIEND.



SHE WAS.
I WISH I COULD
HAVE HELPED HER
MORE WHEN SHE
WAS *ALIVE*. MAYBE
THEN IT WOULDN'T
HAVE COME TO
ALL THIS.

I MEAN,
SHE WAS
JUST A *KID*,
FOR *CHRIST'S*
SAKE. SHE
DOESN'T
DESERVE THIS.
NO ONE
DOES.



AND
GOD IS A
BASTARD
JUST TO LET
A PLACE
LIKE THIS
EXIST.



I'M SORRY.
IT'S JUST THAT
SEEING ALL THIS
MAKES MY BLOOD
BOIL. IT'S SO
UNJUST!

NO... IT'S ALL
RIGHT. LET YOUR
ANGER BURN. RAGE
IS A FINE ANTIDOTE
TO DESPAIR.



IT SPURS
YOU TO *FIGHT*
WHEN OTHERS
GIVE UP.

WAIT...
DID YOU
HEAR
THAT?



WHAT?

CARRIE...

THAT.



CARRIE...
IS THAT
YOU?

BY THE
GODDESS...
THAT VOICE! IT
CAN'T BE!

WAIT!



I KNOW
THAT
VOICE!...

CARRIE!



CARRIE... OH,
SWEET JESUS! MY
PRAYERS HAVE BEEN
ANSWERED!

DADDY?

COME
TO ME,
MY BABY
GIRL.

DAD?
HOW...



I SHOULD
NEVER HAVE LEFT...
I SHOULDN'T HAVE
RUN OUT ON YOU AND
YOUR MOTHER... HOW
CAN I ASK YOU TO
FORGIVE ME?

DAD,
I...



WHAT?



NO!



HELLSPAWN?!
YOU WERE
BANISHED FROM
THIS PLACE!

DADDY!

CARRIE!
OH GOD!
NO!





OH, MY DARLING GIRL. LOOK AT HOW YOU'VE GROWN.

HOW DID YOU---?



GET AWAY FROM HER.



YOU DIDN'T THINK I'D FORGET MY *BABY GIRL*. YOU CAME FOR ME, DIDN'T YOU? I KNEW YOU WOULD.

YOU'VE COME TO SET YOUR DADDY FREE!



NO... THAT'S NOT WHY... I MEAN, I DIDN'T KNOW...

IT'S OKAY, SUGAR. I'VE **LEARNED** MY LESSON. I WON'T TAKE YOU FOR **GRANTED** ANYMORE. I KNOW HOW **SPECIAL** YOU ARE.

AND I'M GOING TO LET YOU KNOW IT EVERY SINGLE SECOND...


I SAID
GET
AWAY!

Nooo!

Ha HA
HA HA
HA ha
ha!

Oh, don't
be **MAD**,
HELLSPAWN!
I couldn't **HELP**
MYSELF!

HALF OF
HELL could hear
you calling out for your
dear lost soul-friend.
BOOHOOHOO!
Such a **PATHETIC**
CREATURE!




And such a
ROOKIE MISTAKE!
You'll **NEVER** make it
out of here **ALIVE!!**
Haha **HAHA**ha!



I...
CAN'T
TAKE IT!
THIS IS TOO
MUCH...

TOO MUCH
FOR **MORTAL** EYES...
JUST **KNOWING** THIS
PLACE **EXISTS**... ALL
THESE **PEOPLE**, ALL
THESE **SOULS**....



THE WAY
IT TEARS AT
YOU... THE WAY
IT SCREWS WITH
YOUR HEAD... I
CAN'T DO IT...

I JUST
CAN'T.



GET
OVER IT.
THIS
ISN'T
ABOUT
YOU.


NOW SUCK
IT UP, FIND
THE STRENGTH,
FIND THE
COURAGE...



...AND
GET YOUR
ASS
MOVING.

PLEASE...
I... I **NEED**
YOU. YOU
GAVE YOUR
WORD.

YOU'RE
RIGHT.



TELL ME, HOW
DO YOU STAND IT? HOW
DO YOU NOT GO MAD
FROM IT ALL?

I *DID* GO
MAD. I WAS LOST
IN *DESPAIR*. FULL OF
TERROR AND DREAD AND
RAGE AGAINST THE ONE
WHOSE MANTLE
YOU WEAR.

SO WHAT
HAPPENED?

YOU DID.
YOU CAME
HERE. AND
FILLED ME
WITH NEW
HOPE.



OH GOD,
DON'T DO
THIS TO
ME...



WHAT'S
WRONG?
WHAT DID I
SAY?



NOTHING.
I... I
THINK WE'RE
HERE.



THE VERY
DEPTHS OF
DESPAIR.



GO
'WAY.



THEA...
OH GOD, IT'S
YOU. I'M SORRY.
I'M SORRY I TOOK
SO LONG.

DON'T
HURT ME.
PLEASE....

IT'S ME.
CARRIE. CARRIE
ANDREWS. WE
WERE... ARE...
FRIENDS.

I GREW
UP DOWN THE
STREET FROM
YOU. REMEMBER?
YOU, ME AND LILY.
THE THREE LITTLE
WITCHES.



C-CARRIE...



HOW...? WHY...?

I COULDN'T
LEAVE YOU HERE.
YOU DON'T DESERVE
THIS. THIS... EVERY-
THING THAT HAPPENED
TO YOU, IT WAS SO
UNFAIR.



BUT IT'S
OVER NOW. I'VE
COME TO SET
YOU FREE.

FREE?



FREE.

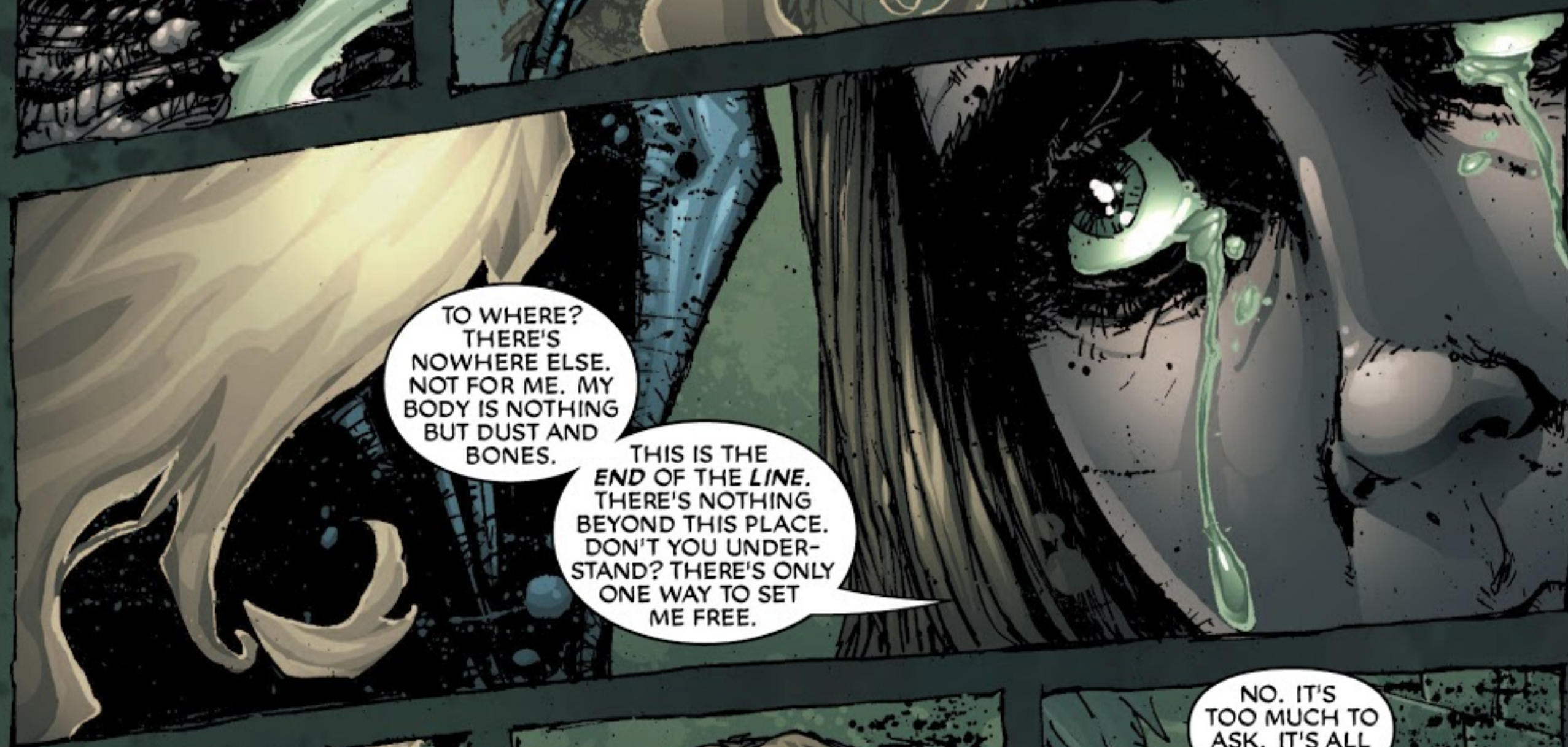


YES...
YES... I'M
READY.
PLEASE,
DO IT...

ALL
RIGHT.
EVERYTHING'S
GOING TO BE
FINE NOW. I'M
GOING TO
TAKE YOU
HOME.

THERE'S
NO GOING
HOME FROM
HERE...

OF
COURSE
THERE IS.
I MADE A
BARGAIN. I
HAVE SAFE
PASSAGE.



TO WHERE?
THERE'S
NOWHERE ELSE.
NOT FOR ME. MY
BODY IS NOTHING
BUT DUST AND
BONES.

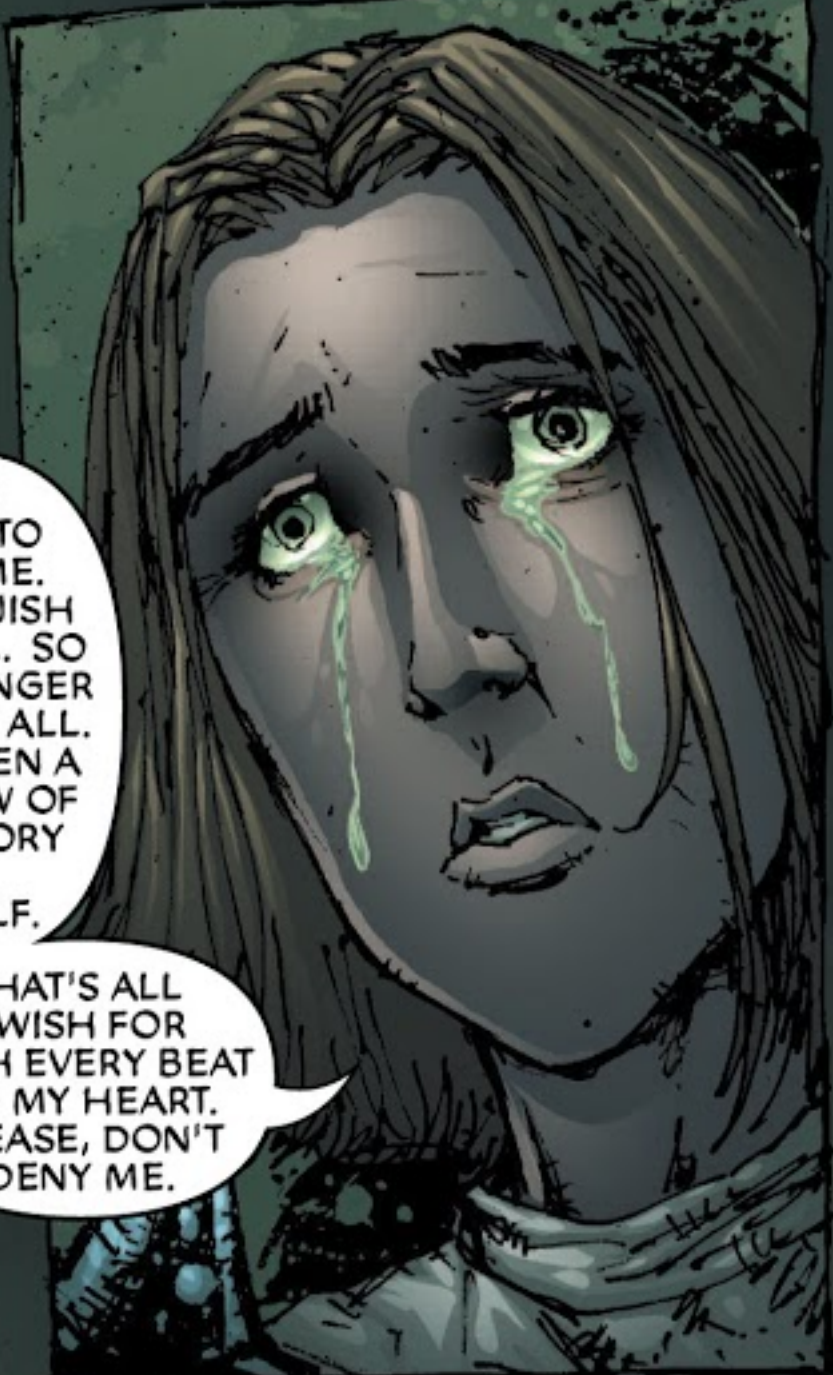
THIS IS THE
END OF THE LINE.
THERE'S NOTHING
BEYOND THIS PLACE.
DON'T YOU UNDER-
STAND? THERE'S ONLY
ONE WAY TO SET
ME FREE.

THEA...
WHAT ARE YOU
SAYING?



YOU
HAVE TO
END ME.
EXTINGUISH
MY SOUL. SO
I NO LONGER
EXIST AT ALL.
NOT EVEN A
SHADOW OF
A MEMORY
OF
MYSELF.

THAT'S ALL
I WISH FOR
WITH EVERY BEAT
OF MY HEART.
PLEASE, DON'T
DENY ME.



NO. IT'S
TOO MUCH TO
ASK. IT'S ALL
TOO EVIL.



THEA'S
RIGHT. IT'S
THE ONLY
WAY.



I WOULDN'T EVEN KNOW HOW...

THE SWORD.

PLEASE... YOUR SWORD.



DO IT QUICKLY.

NOW LEAVE US.



ARE YOU SURE YOU WANT...

DON'T ASK ME AGAIN.



OKAY... REMEMBER THAT SUMMER WE WENT TO CAMP? AND WE SNUCK OUT AT NIGHT TO CATCH FIREBUGS AND DRANK DR. PEPPER TILL WE WERE SICK?

AND THEN WE LAID DOWN IN THE TALL GRASS, WATCHING THE SKY TURN OVERHEAD.



UH-HUH...



AND WE WONDERED HOW LIFE COULD HOLD SO MUCH **BEAUTY** AND **MAGIC** IN ONE LITTLE MOMENT?

I WANT YOU TO HOLD ON TO THAT. PUT YOUR ARMS AROUND IT LIKE IT IS THE ONLY **TRUE THING** IN THE WORLD. CAN YOU SEE IT?

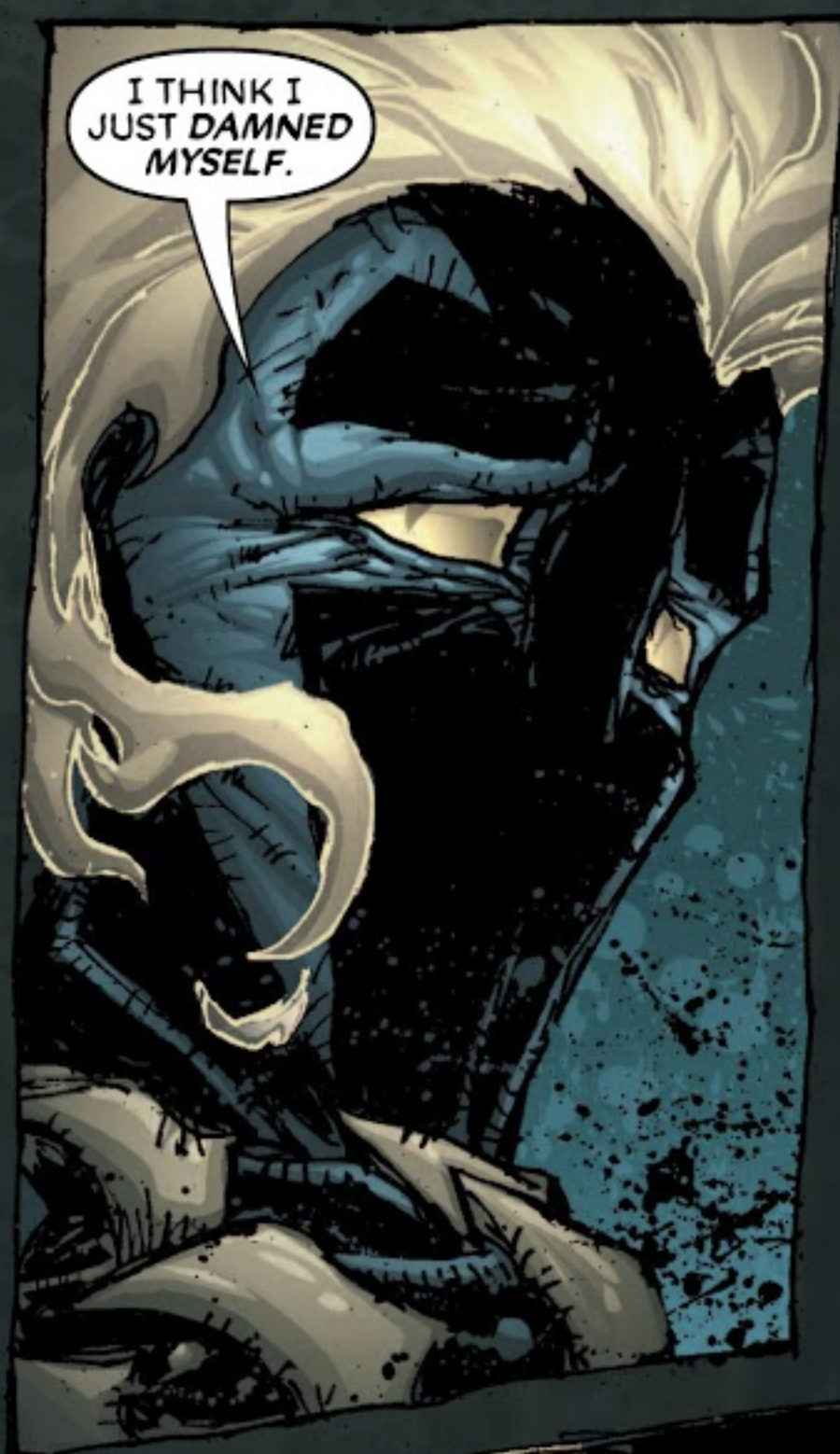
YES.





YOU'RE
BRAVER
THAN WE
THOUGHT.

I...



I THINK I
JUST DAMNED
MYSELF.



IT WAS
AN ACT OF
MERCY.



THIS IS
HELL....



...THERE IS
NO MERCY
HERE.

YOU HAVE
FULFILLED YOUR
TASK. YOU MUST
GO NOW.



DON'T
FORGET OUR
TERMS. THE BARGAIN
WAS **FREE PASSAGE**
FOR MYSELF AND
ONE OTHER OF MY
CHOOSING...

VERY
WELL. THE
DOORWAY IS
OPENING.



SO
BEAUTIFUL...
I AM FOREVER
IN YOUR DEBT...
I WOULD GIVE
MY LIFE TO
PROTECT
YOU.

I JUST
MIGHT HAVE
TO TAKE
YOU UP ON
THAT...



A FINE
BARGAIN...

YES... A
VERY FINE
BARGAIN
INDEED.



THANKS. NAT'N JAY

SPAWN[®]

A full-page illustration of the character Spawn. He is depicted from the waist up, wearing his signature black tactical suit and a large, flowing red cape. His face is a grotesque, demonic mask with glowing green eyes and a wide, toothy grin. He is bound by heavy metal chains around his wrists and waist. In the background, a blue, skeletal figure is visible, also bound by chains. The overall color palette is dominated by reds, blacks, and blues, with a gritty, comic-book style.


Capullo
9/11/04

142



DIGITAL
EDITION

SPAWN.COM



IT SEEMS
LIKE
FOREVER.
LIKE YOU'VE
BEEN
SCALING
THESE
HEIGHTS AS
LONG AS
YOU CAN
REMEMBER.

INCH BY INCH,
FOOT BY FOOT,
AS CLOUDS
PASS BY BELOW.

TOES NUMB, FINGERS
STRETCHING DESPERATELY
TO FIND PURCHASE.

IT FEELS LIKE THIS
HAS BEEN YOUR
ENTIRE LIFE: AN
ENDLESS STRUGGLE
TO GET TO A PLACE
YOU'RE NOT EVEN
SURE EXISTS.

WILL THIS
PILGRIMAGE
EVER END?
WILL THERE
BE PEACE AT
LAST WHEN
YOU REACH
THE TOP?

DON'T
THINK
ABOUT
IT. JUST
KEEP
AT IT.
ONE
HAND
OVER
THE
OTHER.
NO
LOOKING
DOWN.
NO
LOOKING
BACK.

DON'T
EVEN
THINK
ABOUT
FAILURE.


DON'T
THINK
ABOUT
THE
FALL.

I DON'T
BELIEVE
IT...


I
MADE
IT.

THE SHINING KINGDOM RISES
BEFORE YOU LIKE A GOLDEN
DAWN. AN ENDLESS VISTA
OF GLITTERING DOMES AND
GLEAMING SPIRES.

GRACE AND
HARMONY MADE
MANIFEST, MORE
BEAUTIFUL THAN
YOUR DEEPEST
DREAMS.



THE MAMMOTH GATE SWINGS OPEN AS YOU APPROACH, AS IF YOU WERE EXPECTED.




YOUR HEART SOARS AS YOU CROSS THE THRESHOLD.


YOU WALK THE AVENUES IN DREAMTIME. THESE TOWERING EDIFICES SHOW NO SEAMS OR JOINTS, NO MARK OF HUMAN MANUFACTURE.

IT IS OF ONE PIECE, AS IF CARVED FROM A SINGLE MASSIVE DIAMOND, OR DREAMT INTO PLACE WITH A SINGLE THOUGHT.

AND IT IS UTTERLY SILENT. A SILENCE SO DEEP THAT AT FIRST YOU IMAGINE YOU'VE GONE DEAF.




NO CHOIRS OF ANGELS. NO LEGIONS OF HARPS. NOTHING BUT THE SOUND OF YOUR OWN FOOTSTEPS.



THE STREETS OF HEAVEN ARE EMPTY.





IN THE CENTER OF THIS PEERLESS CITY, ONE GRAND SPIRE RISES HIGH ABOVE THE REST.

A TOWER SURELY FIT FOR A KING.


THERE'S NO TURNING BACK.

AFTER ALL THIS TIME, THIS IS WHAT YOU STRUGGLED SO MIGHTILY FOR.

THIS MOMENT, THIS OPPORTUNITY.

TO MEET YOUR CREATOR AT LAST, FACE TO FACE. TO LOOK HIM SQUARE IN THE EYE.

THERE ARE A GREAT DEAL OF QUESTIONS YOU WANT ANSWERED.



HELLO...

IS
THERE
ANYONE
HERE?

DISAPPOINTED?

I'M AFRAID
THERE'S BEEN A
CHANGE IN
MANAGEMENT.

NO
CHANGE.

IF HE'S
LUCKY, HE'LL BE
. LITTLE MORE
THAN A
VEGETABLE.

IF HE'S
LUCKY, HE'LL DIE IN
HIS SLEEP.





I AM
FREE.

FREE FROM THE
DARKNESS.

FREE FROM THE
WASTELAND.


FREE
AT LAST
FROM THE
BONDS OF
DESPAIR.

I SOAR
THROUGH
THE SKIES
BURNING LIKE
A COMET,
SKIPPING
ACROSS THE
ATMOSPHERE
LIKE A STONE
ON A POND.

I SEE THE WORLD
TURNING BELOW ME,
WATCH IT PASS FROM
NIGHT INTO DAY BACK
INTO NIGHT. SUCH A
GLORIOUS SIGHT.

I STRETCH MY
WINGS TO
EMBRACE THE
HEAVENS, WILD,
FREE AND
UNFETTERED.

SO HIGH
I NEVER
WANT TO
COME
DOWN.



I COULD
STAY UP HERE
FOREVER. FOR
CENTURIES AT
THE VERY
LEAST.

MELT
INTO THE
FIRMAMENT,
DISSOLVE INTO
THE SUNLIGHT
AND FLOAT
ABOVE THE
EARTH UNTIL
THE END OF
TIME.

LIGHTER THAN
AIR, MORE FREE
THAN ANGELS.

NEVER
TOUCHING
FOOT ON
SOLID GROUND
AGAIN. WHAT
COULD BE
BETTER?

BUT THEN
A THOUGHT
COMES. A
MEMORY. A
VAGUE GHOST
FLICKERING
AT THE
EDGE OF
REASON.

A BARGAIN
THAT I
ENTERED.

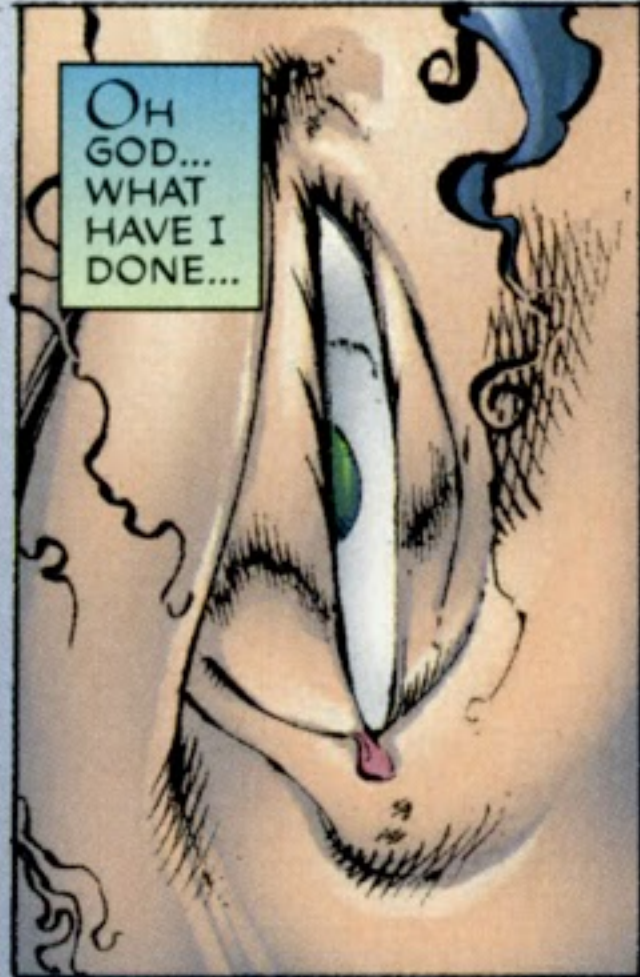
A DEAL
MADE
IN THE
DARK.

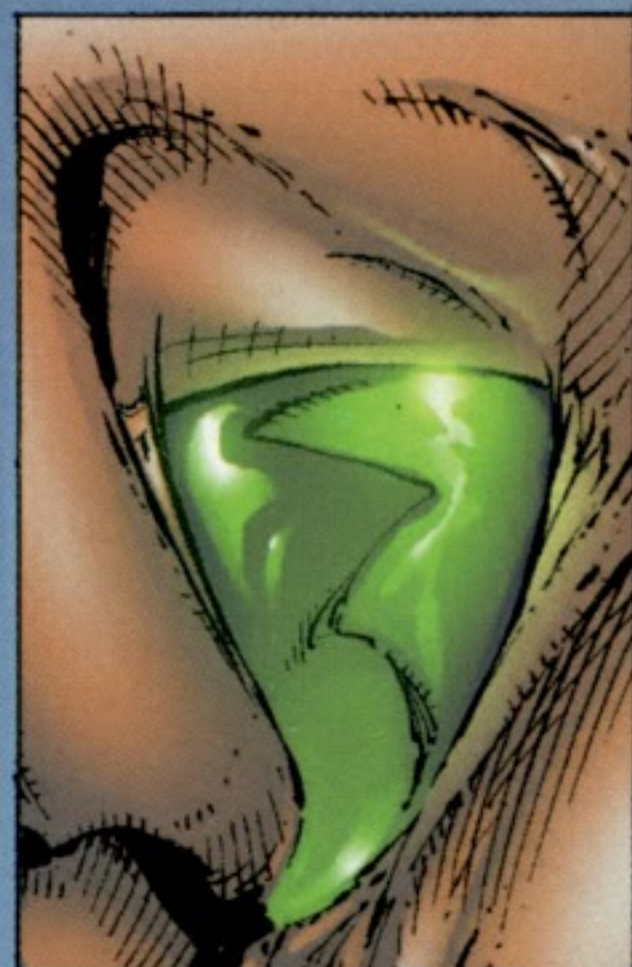
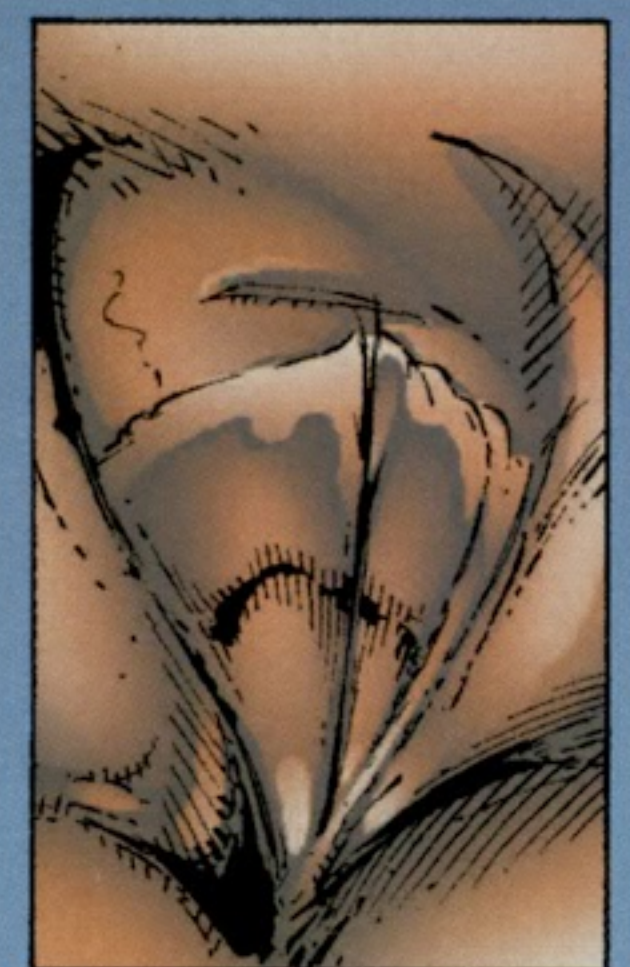
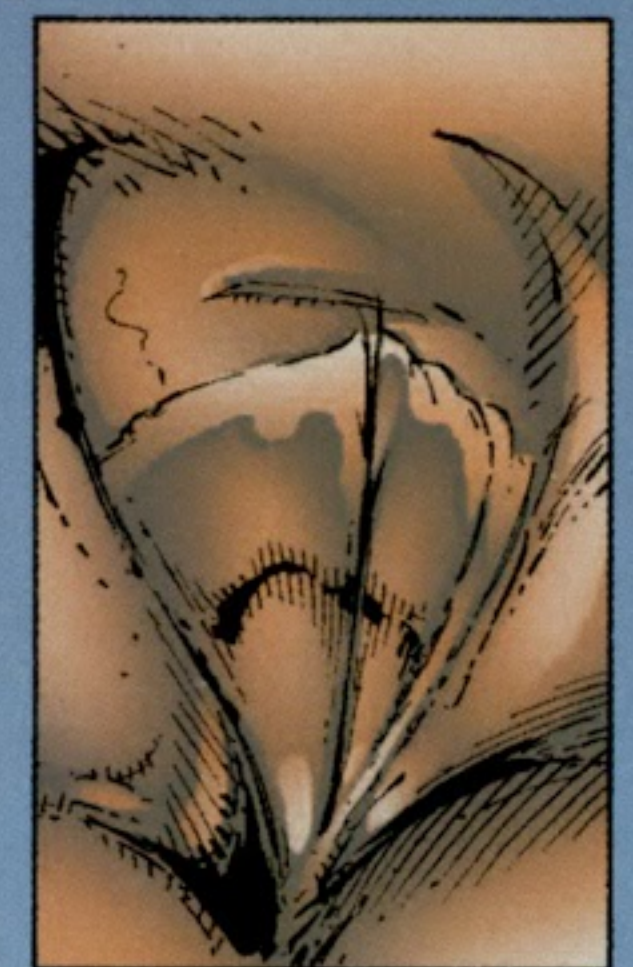
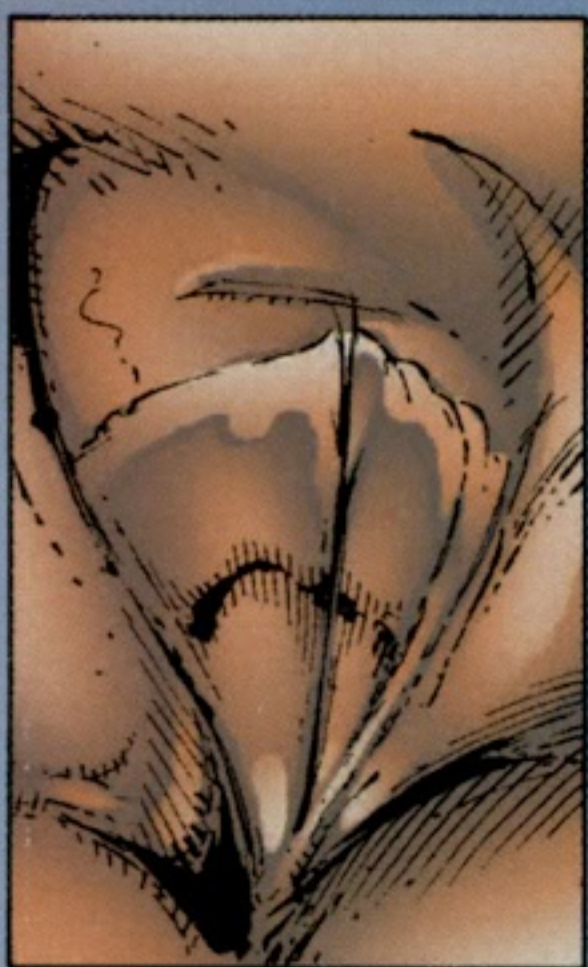
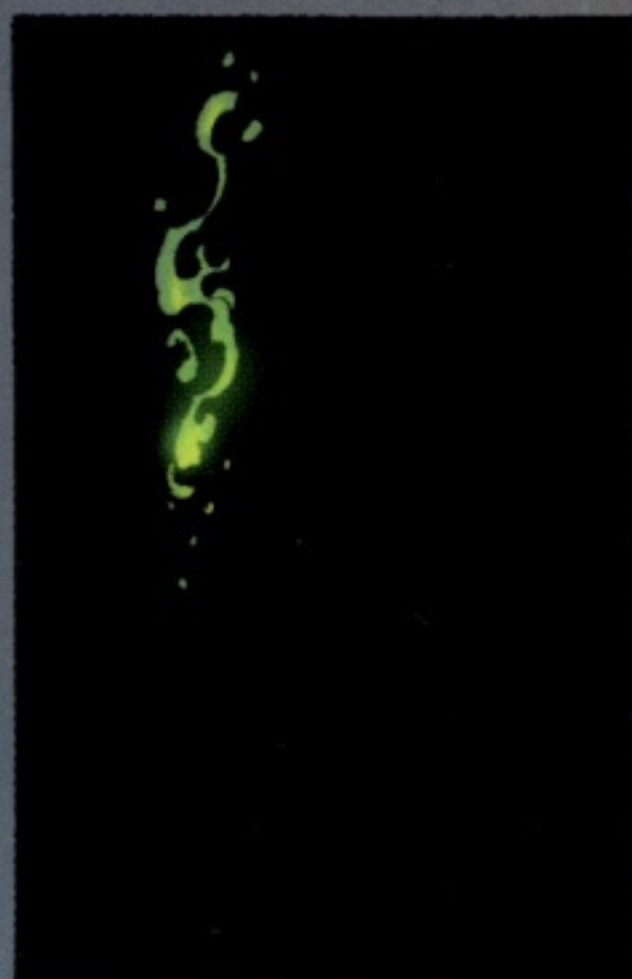
THERE IS STILL
ONE DEBT I OWE.


I REMEMBER
IT WITH A
CHILL, AND
THE MEMORY
SHAMES ME.

SO I PUT MY
INDULGENCE
ASIDE...

... AND I COME BACK
DOWN TO EARTH.







THE EARTH RUSHES
UP TO GREET ME
AS WAVES OF
POISONED AIR
WASH OVER ME.

THE CITY GLITTERS LIKE
A JEWEL IN THE NIGHT,
A MILLION BRILLIANT
EYES STARING OUT INTO
THE DARKNESS.

THEIR
IMPULSES
AND
DESIRES.

THE
THINGS THEY
PRIZE, THE
THINGS THEY
STRUGGLE
FOR.


SO MANY
PEOPLE,
MARCHING LIKE
ANTS IN A MAZE.
WHAT STRANGE
AND FRAGILE
LITTLE THINGS
THEY ARE.

SO SAD
AND
ABSURD.

THERE IS
SOMETHING IN
THE AIR,
UNNAMABLE
BUT
UNMISTAKABLE.
ENERGIES ARE
SHIFTING,
FORCES ARE
GATHERING.

SIDES
ARE
BEING
CHOSEN.

SUCH
FOOLS
THESE
MORTALS
BE...



THEY...NO...
NOT "THEY."

WE.

US.

I AM ONE OF THEM.
DEEP DOWN INSIDE, AT
THE HEART OF ME.

HOW COULD
I HAVE
FORGOTTEN?

THIS BRIGHT AND
BRILLIANT THING
THAT SPEEDS ON
ANGEL'S WINGS,
THIS IS NOT ME.

THIS IS NOT WHAT I AM.

I'M AS LOST AND
FOOLISH AS THEY
ARE. I --


I'M JUST
A KID, FOR
CHRIST'S
SAKE.

NO. NOT A KID.

I AM A MAN.

AND I
HAVE A
MAN'S
DUTY.





I'VE HAD ENOUGH.

I'M TIRED OF THESE SICK GAMES.

TIRED OF BEING PLAYED FOR A PUNK.

OLD ENEMIES. TREACHEROUS FRIENDS. SECRET SCHEMES. SEEMS EVERYONE'S GOT A PLAN FOR ME.

WHATEVER I AM, THIS LIFE IS MINE. AND I'M TAKING IT BACK.

CROSS ME AND YOU'RE GONNA HAVE THE DEVIL TO PAY.

NYX CROSSED ME. SHE LIED TO ME. MANIPULATED ME.

STOLE FROM ME. I CAN STILL FEEL HER INSIDE MY HEAD, A FILTHY LITTLE STAIN ON MY MEMORY.

I DON'T CARE WHAT SHE THOUGHT SHE WAS DOING AND I DON'T CARE WHY. SOMEONE'S GONNA PAY A PRICE.

AND GOD SAVE ANYONE WHO GETS IN MY WAY.




WHAT THE HELL--?

WHOA...

PISS OFF.







PLEASE...
KILL ME
QUICKLY.



SPAWN®



Capullo

M'FARLANE



KILL ME...
QUICKLY... I ASK NO
MERCY. I EXPECT NO
FORGIVENESS.

I JUST
WANT THIS
TO END...



LOOK
AT ME. I
DON'T CARE
WHAT YOU
WANT.



THIS--
RIGHT HERE,
RIGHT NOW--
IS ABOUT
WHAT I WANT.
AND I WANT
ANSWERS.

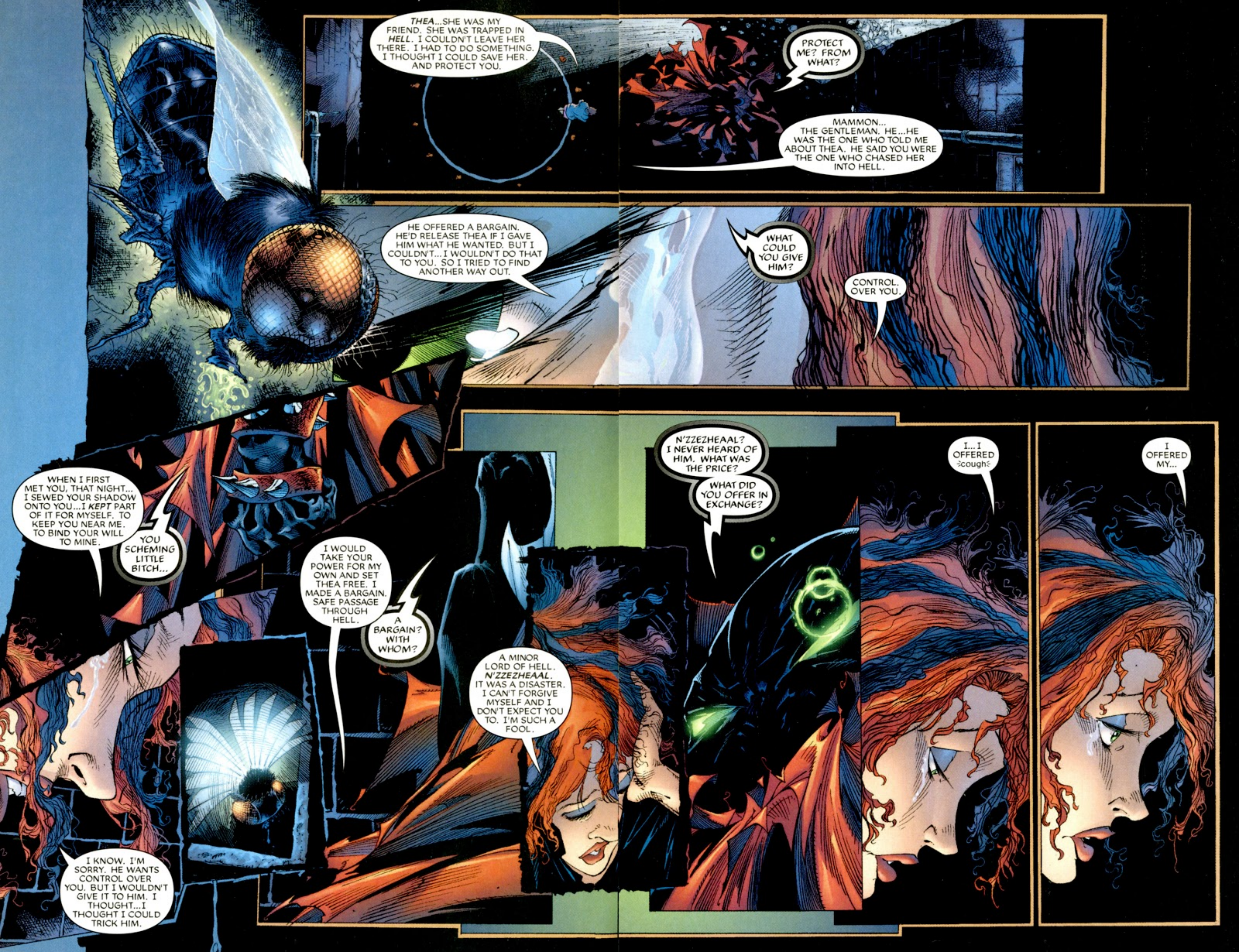


YOU
STOLE MY
POWER,
DRESSED
YOURSELF UP IN
MY SHADOW.
YOU BETRAYED
MY TRUST AND
VIOLATED MY
BEING.

I CAN
STILL FEEL
THE ECHO
OF YOUR
THOUGHTS
ON ME.



I WANT
YOU TO
TELL ME
WHY.



THEA...SHE WAS MY FRIEND. SHE WAS TRAPPED IN HELL. I COULDN'T LEAVE HER THERE. I HAD TO DO SOMETHING. I THOUGHT I COULD SAVE HER. AND PROTECT YOU.

PROTECT ME? FROM WHAT?

MAMMON... THE GENTLEMAN. HE...HE WAS THE ONE WHO TOLD ME ABOUT THEA. HE SAID YOU WERE THE ONE WHO CHASED HER INTO HELL.

HE OFFERED A BARGAIN. HE'D RELEASE THEA IF I GAVE HIM WHAT HE WANTED. BUT I COULDN'T...I WOULDN'T DO THAT TO YOU. SO I TRIED TO FIND ANOTHER WAY OUT.

WHAT COULD YOU GIVE HIM?

CONTROL. OVER YOU.

WHEN I FIRST MET YOU, THAT NIGHT... I SEWED YOUR SHADOW ONTO YOU...I KEPT PART OF IT FOR MYSELF. TO KEEP YOU NEAR ME. TO BIND YOUR WILL TO MINE.

YOU SCHEMING LITTLE BITCH...

I WOULD TAKE YOUR POWER FOR MY OWN AND SET THEA FREE. I MADE A BARGAIN. SAFE PASSAGE THROUGH HELL.

A BARGAIN? WITH WHOM?

A MINOR LORD OF HELL. N'ZZEZHEAAL. IT WAS A DISASTER. I CAN'T FORGIVE MYSELF AND I DON'T EXPECT YOU TO. I'M SUCH A FOOL.

N'ZZEZHEAAL? I NEVER HEARD OF HIM. WHAT WAS THE PRICE?

WHAT DID YOU OFFER IN EXCHANGE?

I...I OFFERED ^{cough}

I OFFERED MY...

I KNOW. I'M SORRY. HE WANTS CONTROL OVER YOU. BUT I WOULDN'T GIVE IT TO HIM. I THOUGHT...I THOUGHT I COULD TRICK HIM.





**STAND
ASIDE,
VILLAIN!**
NO HARM SHALL
COME TO THE LADY.
SHE IS UNDER MY
PROTECTION.

YOU HAVE MUCH
TO ANSWER FOR,
HELLSPAWN! THIS IS THE
HOUR OF RECKONING--
AND IT WILL NOT BE
DELAYED.

LOOK UPON ME
NOW AND KNOW THE
BLINDING LIGHT OF
VENGEANCE!

GO AHEAD
AND RUN. YOU
WILL NOT GET
FAR.

MY LADY,
ARE YOU
HARMED?

I DON'T
THINK
SO.





SHOW YOURSELF, HELLSPAWN. YOU CANNOT HIDE FROM ME. I WILL NOT BE DAUNTED.

TOO LONG I HAVE DWELLED IN THE PIT OF DARKNESS, SUFFERED THE WEIGHT OF UNSPEAKABLE MISERY.

ALL BECAUSE OF YOU.

NO ONE NEEDS TO INSTRUCT ME IN THE WAYS OF HELL.

MY ANGER IS RIGHTEOUS. MY VENGEANCE IS JUST.



I DON'T
GIVE A GOOD
GODDAMN.

IF YOU
WANT ME, COME
FIND ME. HOWEVER
THIS ENDS, IT
WILL BE BY MY
RULES.

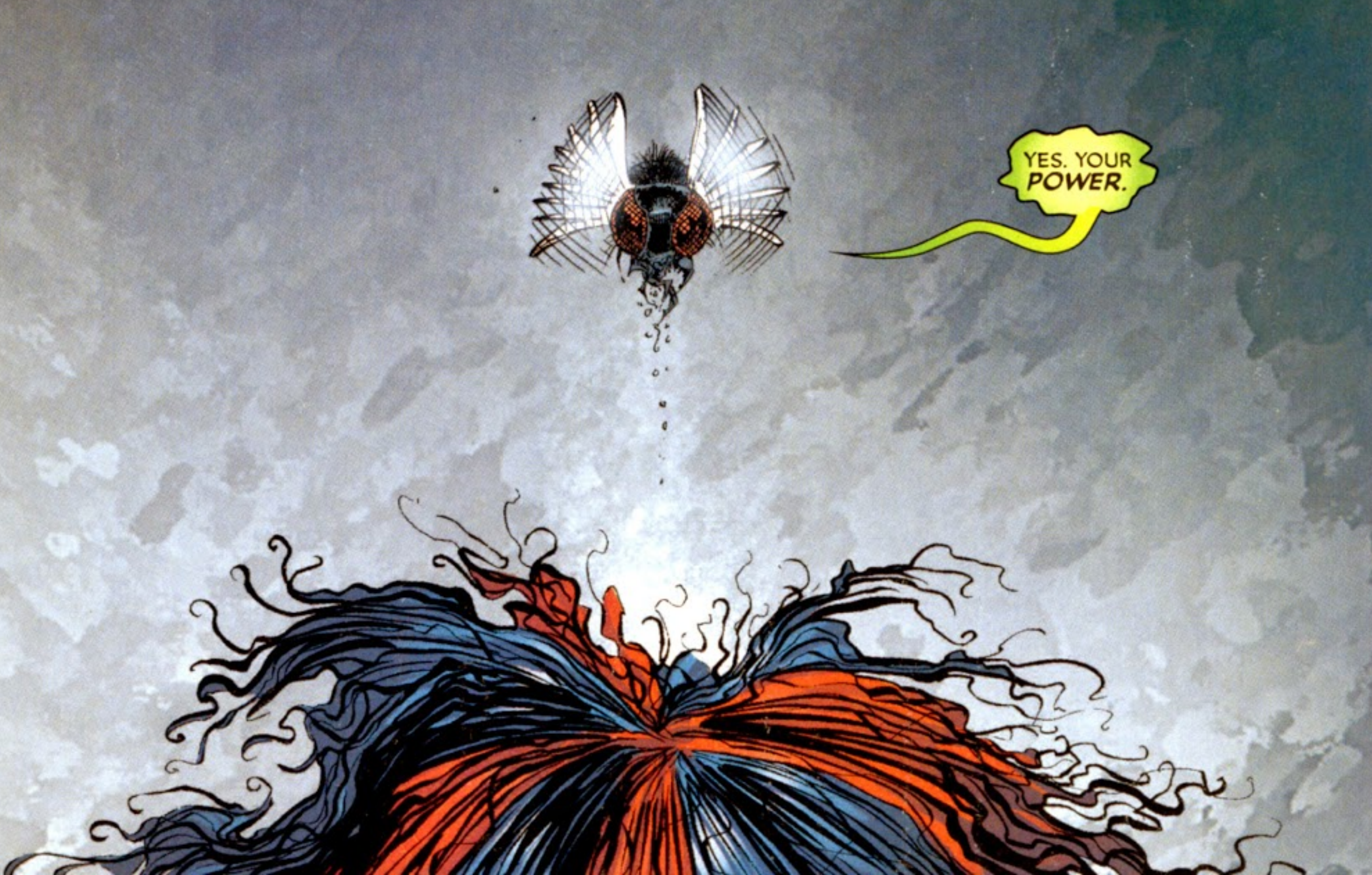
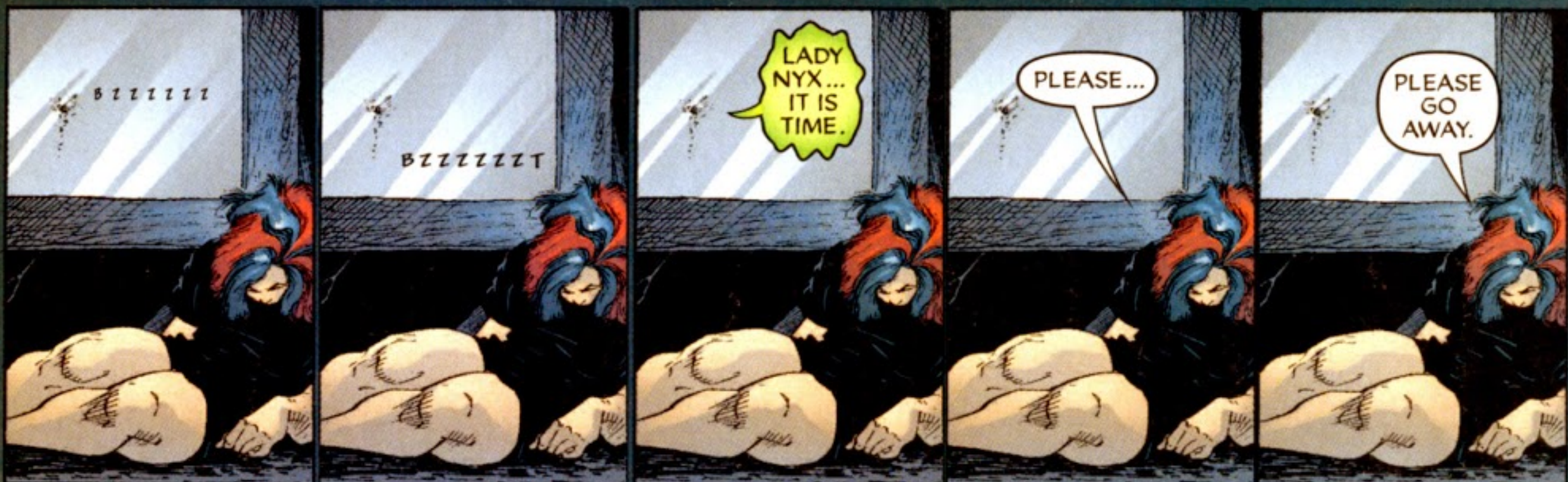
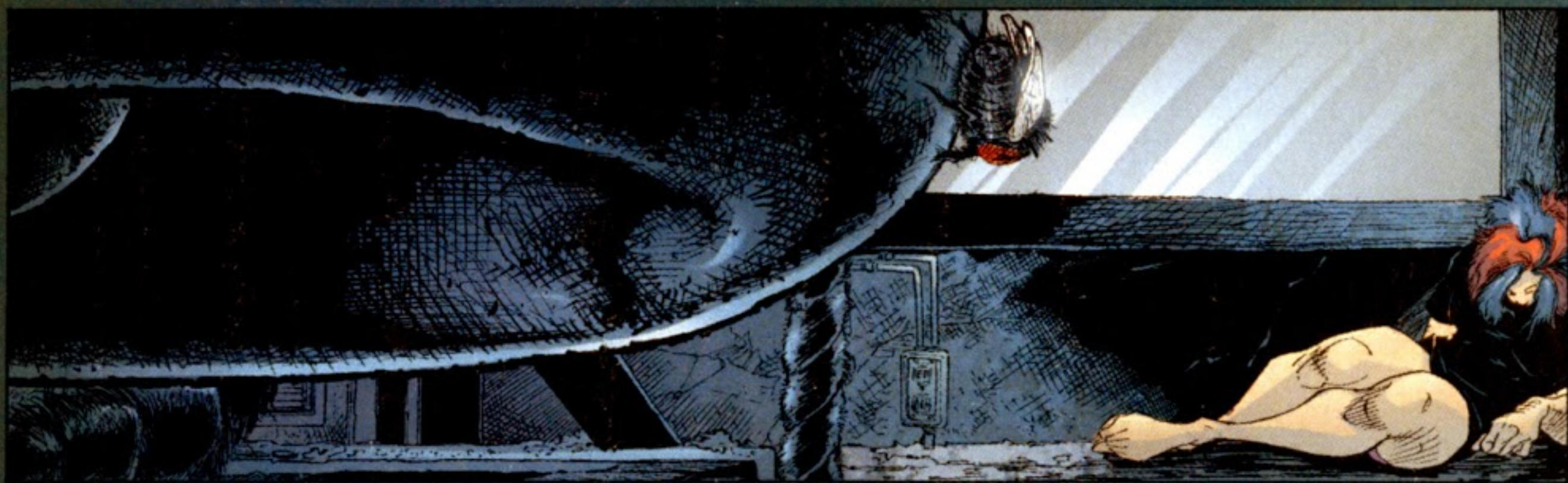
ON MY
TURF.

YOUR
"TURF."
THIS CRADLE
OF FILTH AND
DARKNESS
REVEALS MUCH
OF YOUR
NATURE.

LET US
BE WARRIORS.
COME AND FACE
ME. I WILL BE
MERCIFUL.

I PROMISE
YOU WILL
NOT SUFFER
UNDULY.

SOMEHOW
I DOUBT
THAT.





RAGS?

THIS RUSE
IS BENEATH YOU.
I AM
DISAPPOINTED.

TOUGH.



I DON'T CARE ABOUT YOUR GRUDGE.

I DON'T CARE ABOUT WHAT YOU THINK IS JUST OR RIGHTEOUS.

YOU WANT PITY?

YOU'RE LOOKING IN THE WRONG PLACE.

DON'T MOCK ME.

WHAMP!



DON'T
MOCK MY
PAIN.



I WILL
HAVE MY
VICTORY!



I WILL
HAVE MY
VENGEANCE!



AND HEAVEN
WILL SING AT ITS--
UGHN!

KLAN!

GOO!

I AM THE
LIGHT THAT
DRIVES OUT
THE
DARKNESS!

I AM
THE SWORD
THAT SLAYS
THE INFERNAL
DRAGON!

YOU ARE A
CANCER UPON
THE FACE OF
CREATION.

LEAVING
NOTHING
BUT DEATH
AND
SUFFERING
IN YOUR
WAKE.

EVERYONE...
EVERYTHING
YOU
TOUCH...

WAAAAA

SKLAANG!

WHOMP!

CRASH!



THERE'S
NOWHERE
TO GO
NOW.

YOU'RE
A PIGEON
IN A
CAGE.

AND YOU'RE
ABOUT TO GET
PLUCKED.



AAAAAH!

WHERE'S
THAT LITTLE
TOY OF
YOURS?

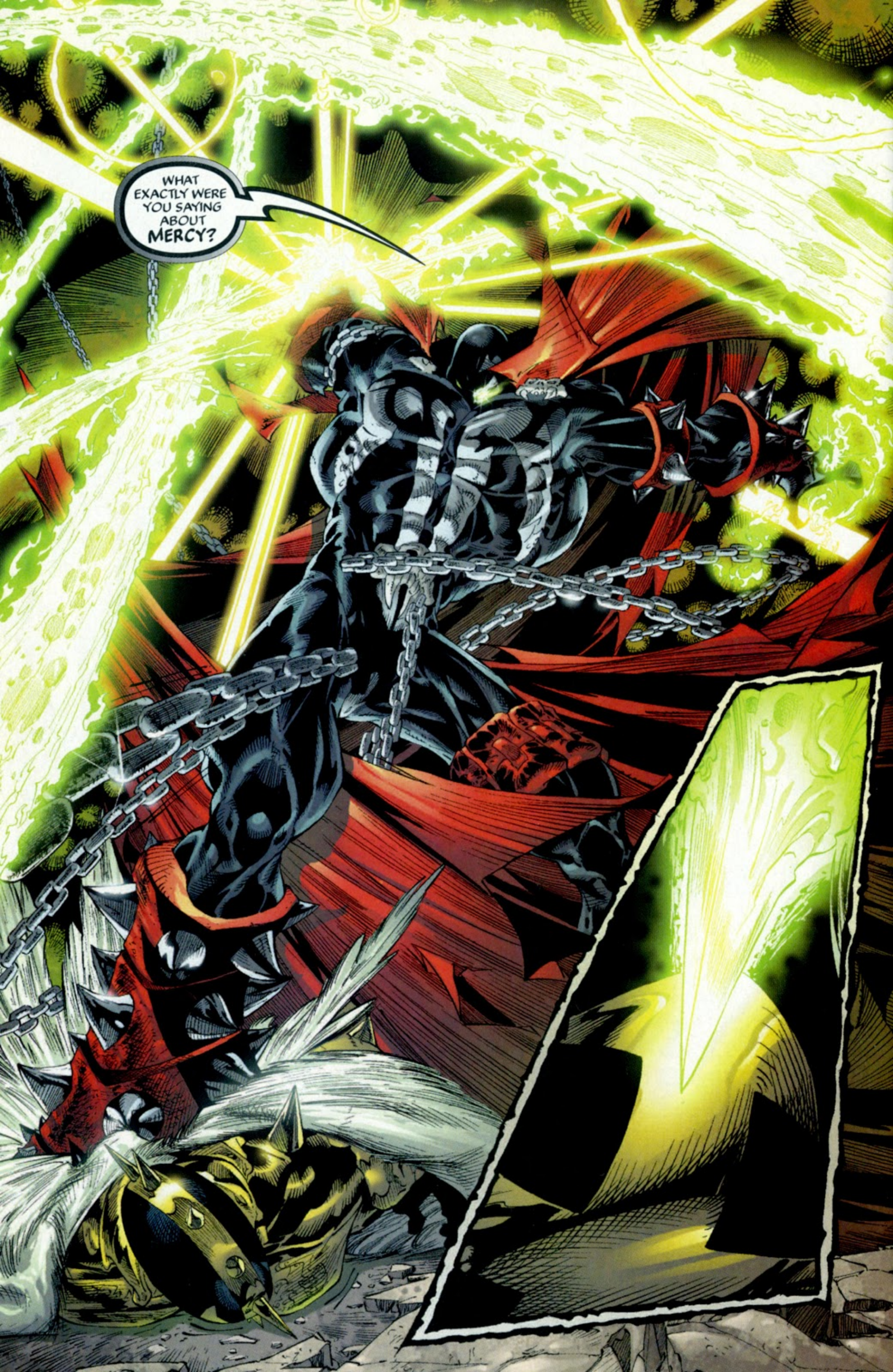


SKLING!



NOW
THEN...

WHAT
EXACTLY WERE
YOU SAYING
ABOUT
MERCY?



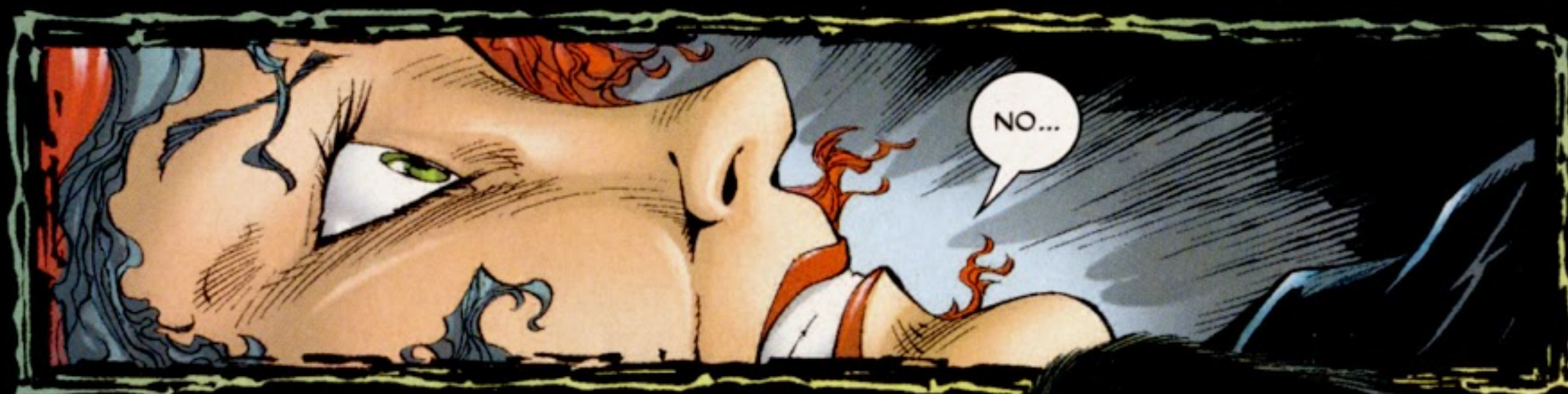
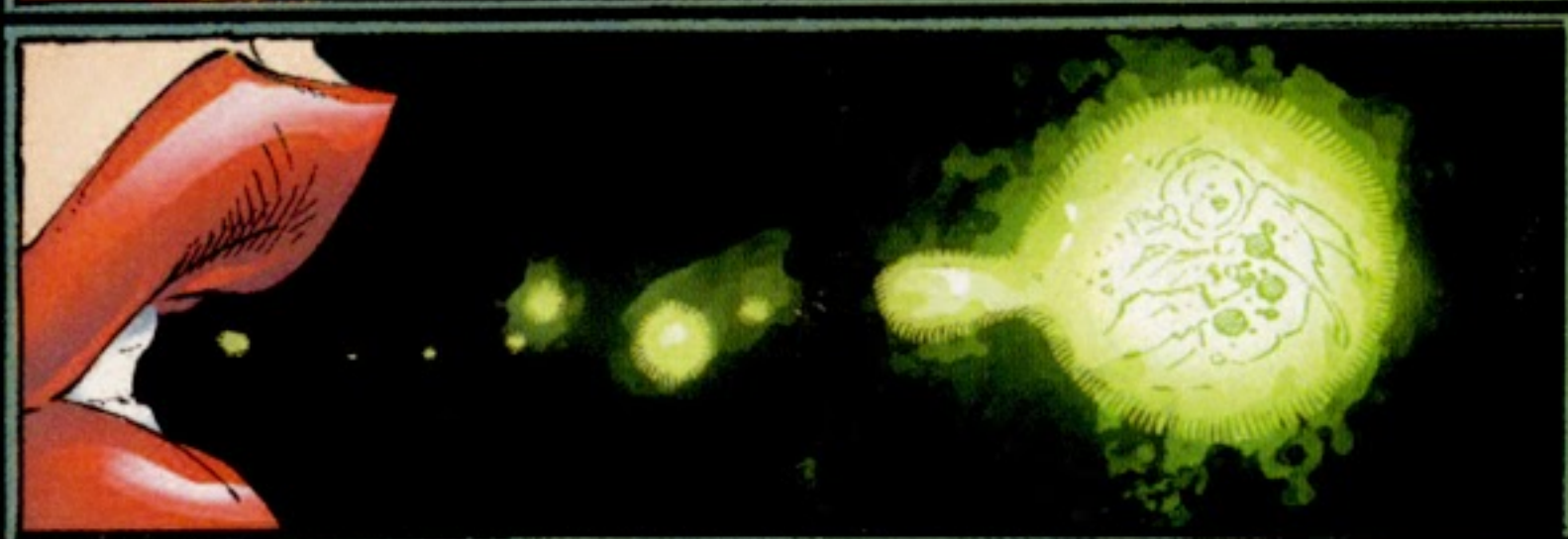


IT IS TIME
TO SETTLE
ACCOUNTS. DO
YOU GIVE UP YOUR
MAGICK? FREELY
AND WILLINGLY,
IN ACCORDANCE
TO OUR
COMPACT?

YES.
TAKE
IT.

I DON'T
WANT IT
ANYMORE.

VERY
WELL. IT
IS A SMALL
THING, BUT IT
HAS SOME
VALUE.



OH YES.
I TOLD
YOU...

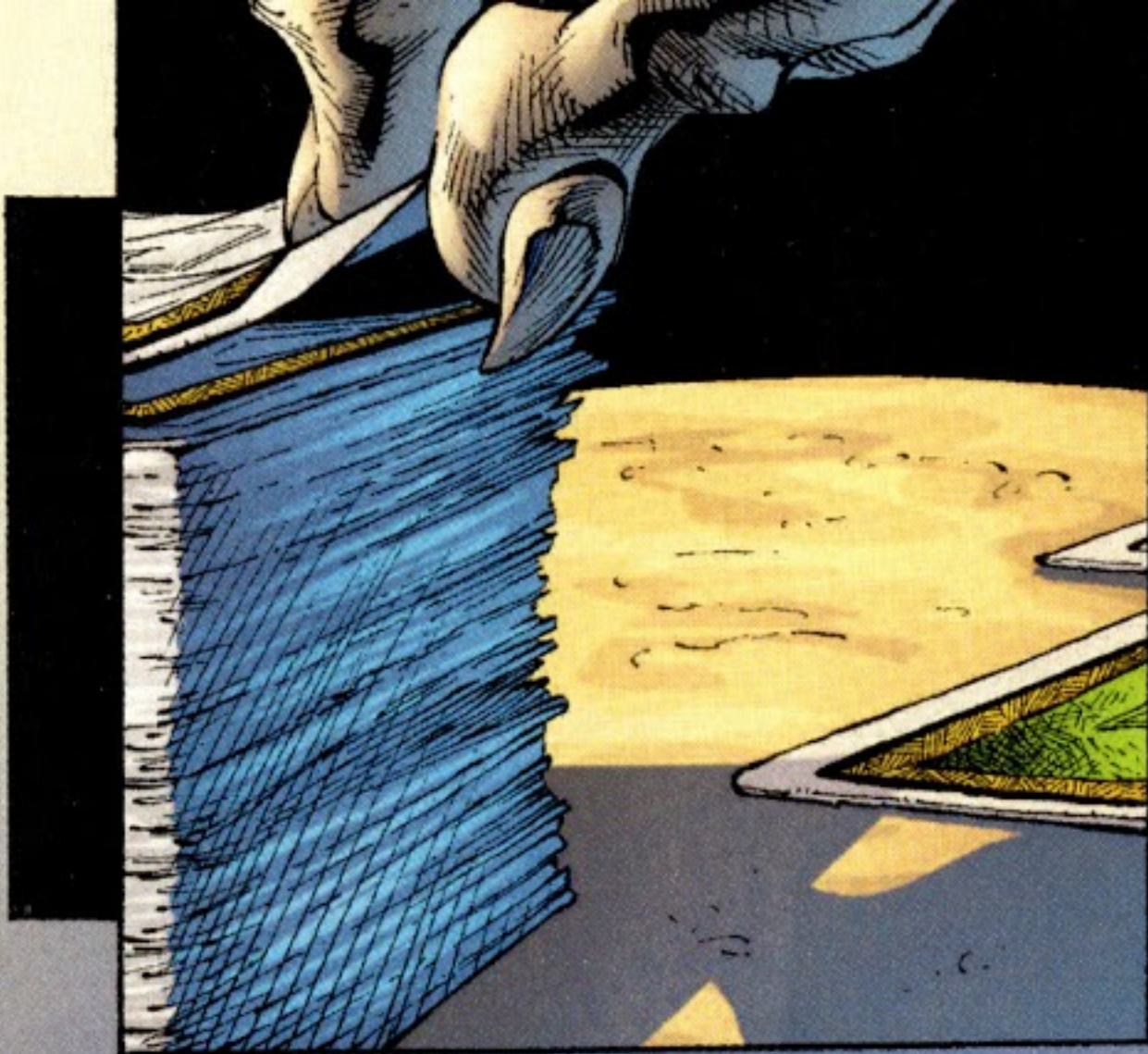
IN THE
END, YOU
WOULD GIVE
ME PRECISELY
WHAT I
WANTED.



SPAWN



Capullo



THE KNIGHT – Shown in profile, kneeling in supplication. He is the sword of justice and the light of heaven. His flaming sword burns away all forms of deceit and reveals things as they truly are. Sworn as he is to the cause of righteousness, the Knight often struggles between earthly temptation and his higher impulses.



THE DRAGON – Shown bursting forth from the netherworlds, cloaked in blood-shadows and Hell-fire. His is a deep and ancient power, born in darkness. He is a creature of vengeance and his anger, once awoken, is unquenchable. The Dragon's mighty armor conceals a single weak spot; find it and you may defeat him.



THE WITCH – Stands in a midnight garden, gazing into her cauldron, the moon-blade raised in her right hand. She represents fertility and the vitality of the natural world. She holds the wisdom of the moon and is a keeper of secrets. The Witch is a creature of shifting agendas and it may not always be wise to trust her.

THE KNIGHT HUNTS THE DRAGON... THE DRAGON HUNTS THE WITCH... ROUND AND ROUND IT GOES...



BEG ME.
PLEAD FOR
MERCY.

AND I
WILL SHOW YOU
ALL THE MERCY
HEAVEN SHOWED
ME.

UHHN.

IT'S TIME YOU
CAME BACK DOWN
TO EARTH. TIME YOU
WALLOWED AROUND IN
THE DIRT AND GRIME
WITH THE REST
OF US.

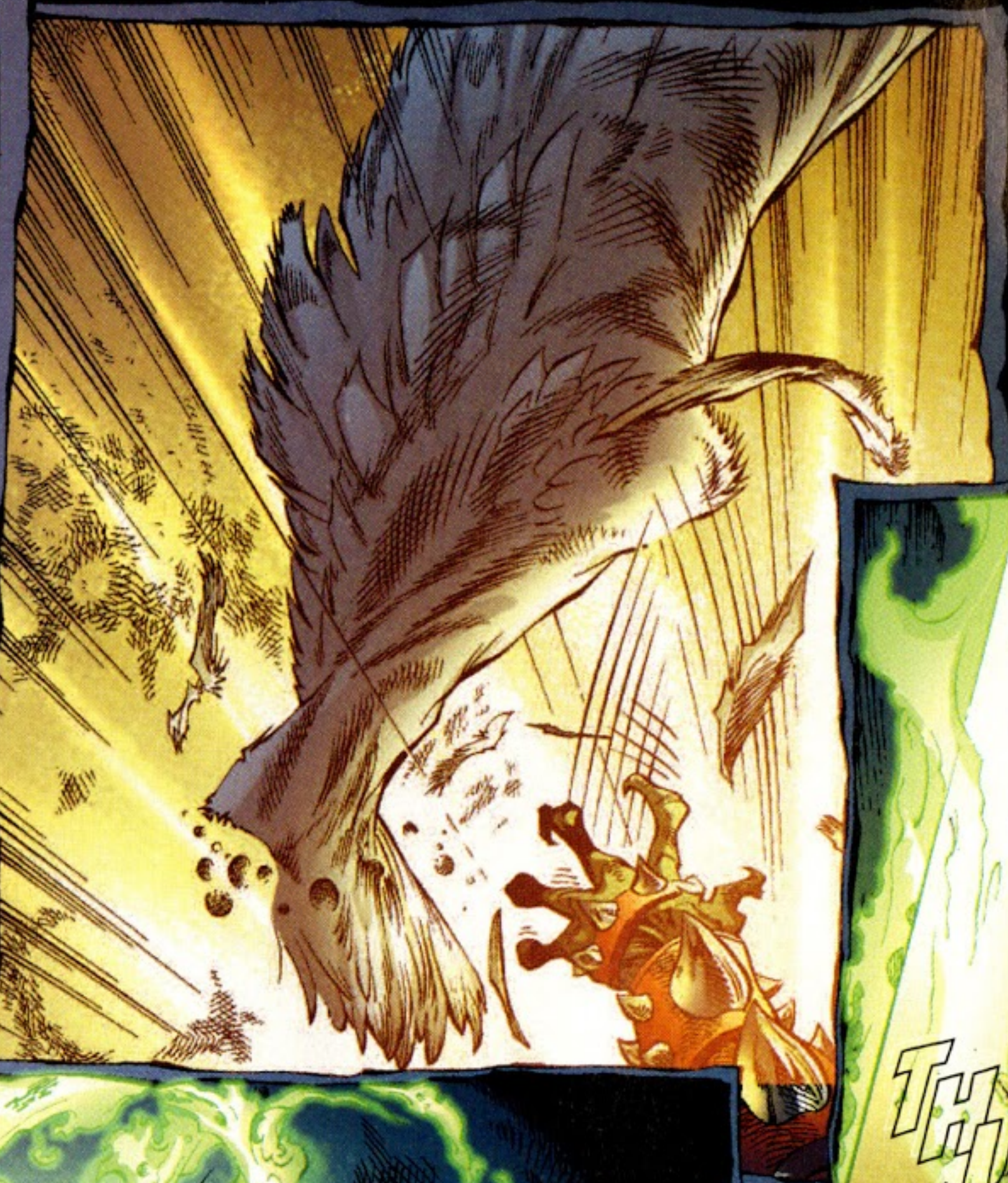
THERE IS
NO RIGHTEOUS-
NESS.

AAAAAAH!

THERE
ARE NO
BLESSED.



AND
HEAVEN
DOESN'T CARE
ANY MORE
ABOUT YOU
THAN IT DOES
ME.



THU
MP!



FORGIVE
ME,
FATHER...




...I WAS
WEAK...





... AND
I HAVE
FAILED
YOU ...



THIS
WORLD
HAS LOST
ITS LUSTER.
MY EYES
ARE DIMMED
AND MY
SENSES
NUMB.
EVERYTHING
SEEMS SO
COARSE AND
COMMON
NOW.

I MADE A BARGAIN AND
MY POWER WAS FORFEIT.

MY SISTER MOON RISES
IN THE NIGHT'S SEA,
GAZING DOWN AT ME.
I FEAR HER JUDGMENT.

I WAS RASH AND
I WAS FOOLISH.

AND I
BROKE THE
FIRST LAW:
TO DO NO
HARM.

I BEG HER FOR
FORGIVENESS,
WITHOUT ANY
EXPECTATION.

I KNOW
I AM NOT
WORTHY, BUT
SOMETIMES
SHE IS KIND.

HER JUDGMENT
COMES ON BLACK
SILKEN WINGS...

...WITH A
FIERCE BEAK
AND SHARP
CLAWS.

THE SHRILL,
DISSONANT
SCREAMS ARE
DEAFENING. BUT
THE MESSAGE IS
UNMISTAKABLE.

KAW

KAW

KAW

KAW

KAW

KAW

KAW

KAW

I AM
CONDEMNED.

OUTCAST.

THE CIRCLE
IS BROKEN.

AND I AM
ALONE.



THE GARDEN -

A flowering tree stands in the center of a fragrant landscape. The light of the first dawn creeps over the horizon. It is the beginning of all things, the glorious bounty of new creation, ripe with possibility. Wisdom, knowledge, peace and kindness all blossom like fruit on the vine. Yet even in the Garden, there are serpents.



THE TOWER -

The Tower stretches ever higher into the storm-scarred heavens, disappearing into the gloom of clouds. It is a monument to the soul's foolish quest to seek knowledge that is forbidden to it. It is rebellion and hubris that dares to cross borders and to unmake the laws older than time. It is at once an act of war and an act of hope.



THE PIT -

Naked bodies are cast into the depths where they are devoured by devil and demon alike, tragic grist for the infernal mill. The sky above roils with blood and brimstone. Souls writhe in agony and scream for release but are denied all mercy. No matter how many sinners are tossed into its gaping maw, the Pit is never sated.





WHERE...
WHERE AM
I...


I...
I KNOW
YOU...

LET HIM
BE. HIS ROLE IN
OUR LITTLE DRAMA
IS DONE. FOR
THE MOMENT,
AT LEAST.

HE IS OF
NO CONCERN
TO US. WE
HAVE GREATER
MATTERS TO
DISCUSS.


YOU!
YOU ARE
BEHIND
THIS!

OF
COURSE
I AM. I AM
BEHIND A
GREAT
MANY
THINGS.



I SENT THAT
IDIOT CLOWN TO BREAK
YOU TO PIECES, LEAVE YOU
WEAK AND VULNERABLE.
I DROVE YOUR PRETTY
LITTLE FRIEND TO
BETRAY YOU.

I
BARGAINED
WITH THE
WITCH, GAVE
HER EXACTLY
WHAT SHE
THOUGHT
SHE
WANTED.




OH,
SHE DIDN'T
KNOW IT WAS
ME SHE WAS
DEALING WITH.
IN FACT, SHE
THOUGHT SHE
HAD GOTTEN
THE BETTER
OF ME.

DO
YOU KNOW
WHAT SHE
GAVE UP IN
EXCHANGE?
YOU CAN
GUESS, CAN'T
YOU?




HER
POWER.

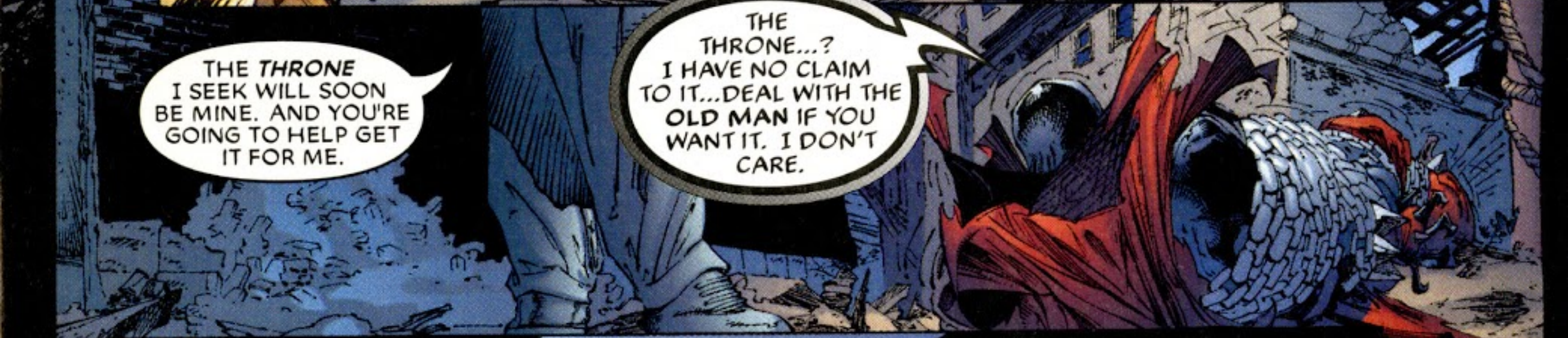
HER
POWER
OVER
YOU.



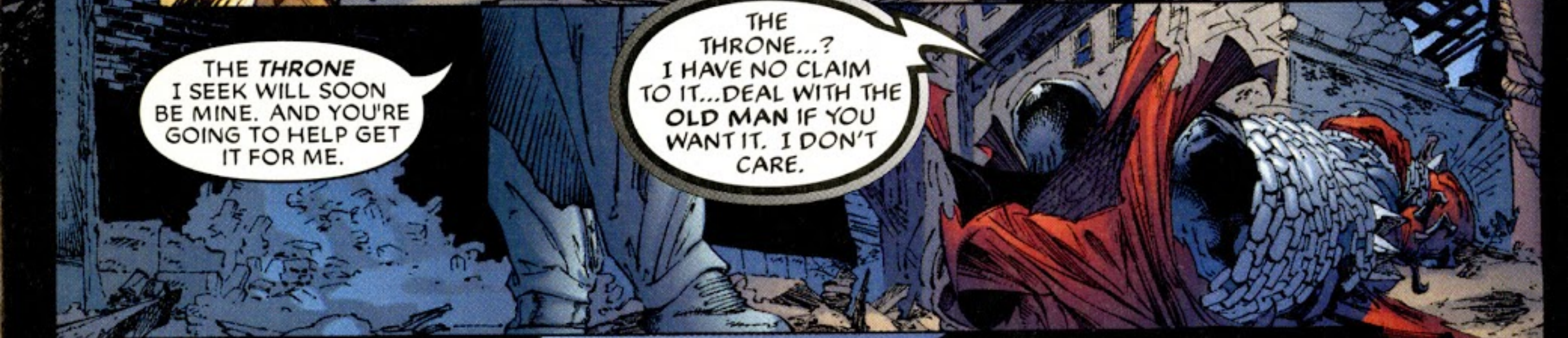
UNDERSTAND,
I AM A PATIENT BEING.
I AM MORE PATIENT THAN
ANY MORTAL COULD
EVER IMAGINE.



THE WHEELS
OF CREATION TURN
SLOWLY, BUT TURN
THEY DO. AND HISTORY
HAS COME AROUND
AT LAST.



THE *THRONE*
I SEEK WILL SOON
BE MINE. AND YOU'RE
GOING TO HELP GET
IT FOR ME.



THE
THRONE...?
I HAVE NO CLAIM
TO IT...DEAL WITH THE
OLD MAN IF YOU
WANT IT. I DON'T
CARE.



I NEVER
WANTED
IT.



SUCH A
FOOLISH THING
YOU ARE.
ALWAYS SLOW TO
SEE THE BIG
PICTURE.



IT'S NOT
THE *THRONE*
OF HELL I
WANT.



I DON'T
ENVY YOUR
EXISTENCE.
TO BE A PAWN IN
SOME GREAT
COSMIC CHESS
GAME.

BUT LET'S
NOT BE
DISMISSIVE OF
THE POOR
FELLOW. WHY IS
IT BEGINNERS
NEVER
UNDERSTAND
THE VALUE OF
THE HUMBLE
PAWN?

NOVICES
ARE MUCH MORE
DAZZLED BY THE
SHOWIER PIECES, LIKE
QUEENS AND KNIGHTS
AND BISHOPS. THEY
LACK VISION. AND
PATIENCE.

BUT PAWNS
CAN BE QUITE
IMPORTANT. THEY
CAN BE THE KEY
TO VICTORY.

KEEP A PAWN
IN THE GAME LONG
ENOUGH, MOVE HIM FAR
ENOUGH ALONG THE
BOARD AND HE CAN BE
TRANSFORMED INTO
SOMETHING MUCH
MORE USEFUL ...



SO, HOW SHALL YOU BE TRANSFORMED? FIRST YOU SHALL BE **SHRIVEN**. THERE IS ONE THING IN THIS WORLD THAT YOU VALUE ABOVE ALL ELSE.

AND I'M GOING TO **TAKE** IT FROM YOU.

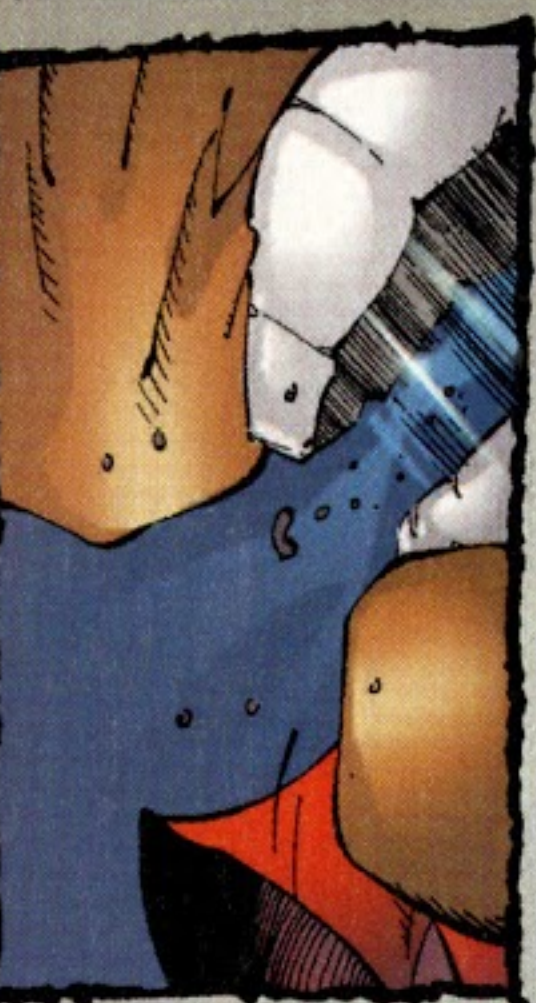


WHAT ARE YOU--?

AND THEN I'M GOING TO TELL YOU **EXACTLY** HOW THIS GAME IS GOING TO END.



AND I WILL MAKE YOU **FORGET**.



BUT YOU WILL CARRY THAT AWFUL KNOWLEDGE AROUND, LOCKED INSIDE YOU, UNTIL I CALL UPON YOU TO ACT...

AND THEN IT WILL BE TOO LATE.




BUT FIRST, AS I SAID, I'M GOING TO **TAKE** SOMETHING FROM YOU. I WANT YOU TO FOCUS YOUR MIND ON HER, ONE LAST TIME.

THOSE TWO LITTLE SYLLABLES THAT RING LIKE CHURCH BELLS IN YOUR SOUL...



WANDA.




MMMPHUH-
PHUMPHUH



THAT
MOMENT...

THE FIRST TIME
YOU MET, YOUR
EYES LOCKING FOR A
MOMENT, HOLDING,
DESPERATE TO MAKE
THAT SECOND
STRETCH INTO AN
ETERNITY.

YOU KNEW,
EVEN THEN, AT
THAT MOMENT,
DIDN'T YOU?



GONE.



ALL THE
MEMORIES, ALL
THE MOMENTS, EVERY
THOUGHT AND WISH
AND DREAM. I AM
TAKING THEM FROM
YOU. I AM SETTING
YOU FREE.



THE FIRST TIME YOUR HANDS TOUCHED, THAT GENTLE CURRENT THAT FLOWED BETWEEN YOU, LIKE FEATHERS AND LIGHTNING... IT'S GONE NOW.



NEVER TO BE REMEMBERED AGAIN.

THE FIRST TENTATIVE KISS...GONE. THE SECOND...HUNGRIER, MORE URGENT...GONE. AND ALL THE KISSES THAT FOLLOWED.

THE SCENT OF HER HAIR...THE CURVE OF HER BACK...THE LIGHT IN HER EYES.

GONE.

GONE.

GONE.



THE WARMTH OF HER FLESH, THE WEIGHT OF YOUR BODY ON HERS, THE FIRST TIME SHE CRIED OUT IN CARNAL BLISS...GONE.

THAT WALK DOWN THE AISLE, THE NAIVE PROMISES AND THE BOLD DREAMS OF A PERFECT FUTURE... ALL GONE.

YOUR FEARS AND JEALOUSIES AND YOUR GUILT FOR HAVING EVER DOUBTED...GONE.

EVERY FIGHT... EVERY LAUGH... EVERY SEEMINGLY MUNDANE MOMENT THAT YOU NOW TREASURE MORE HIGHLY THAN GOLD... THEY'RE ALL YOU HAVE LEFT...

ONE BY ONE THEY ALL FADE AND VANISH AND ARE GONE.



UNTIL ALL
THAT IS LEFT
IS JUST THE
FAINTEST
GHOST OF A
MEMORY...

THE
REMEMBRANCE
OF SOMEBODY
WHO SHINED
BRIGHTLY FOR
YOU AND
WARMED YOU
LIKE THE SUN...
A STAR TO SET
YOUR SAILS
BY...

THE
KNOWLEDGE
THAT ONCE
THERE WAS
SOMETHING
PURE AND
GOOD IN
YOUR LIFE,
IF ONLY FOR
A MOMENT...

AND NOW,
EVEN THAT
SAD MEMORY
IS GONE.

GONE FOREVER.

AS IF
IT NEVER
EXISTED AT
ALL.





THE EMPEROR -

He sits on this throne at the center of all things, regarding the whole of creation. With the blink of an eye, a universe comes into being and then, just as quickly, it expires. He seeks constancy in a world of ever-shifting fates. He is convinced that he alone will survive the winds of change. Pride will be his downfall.

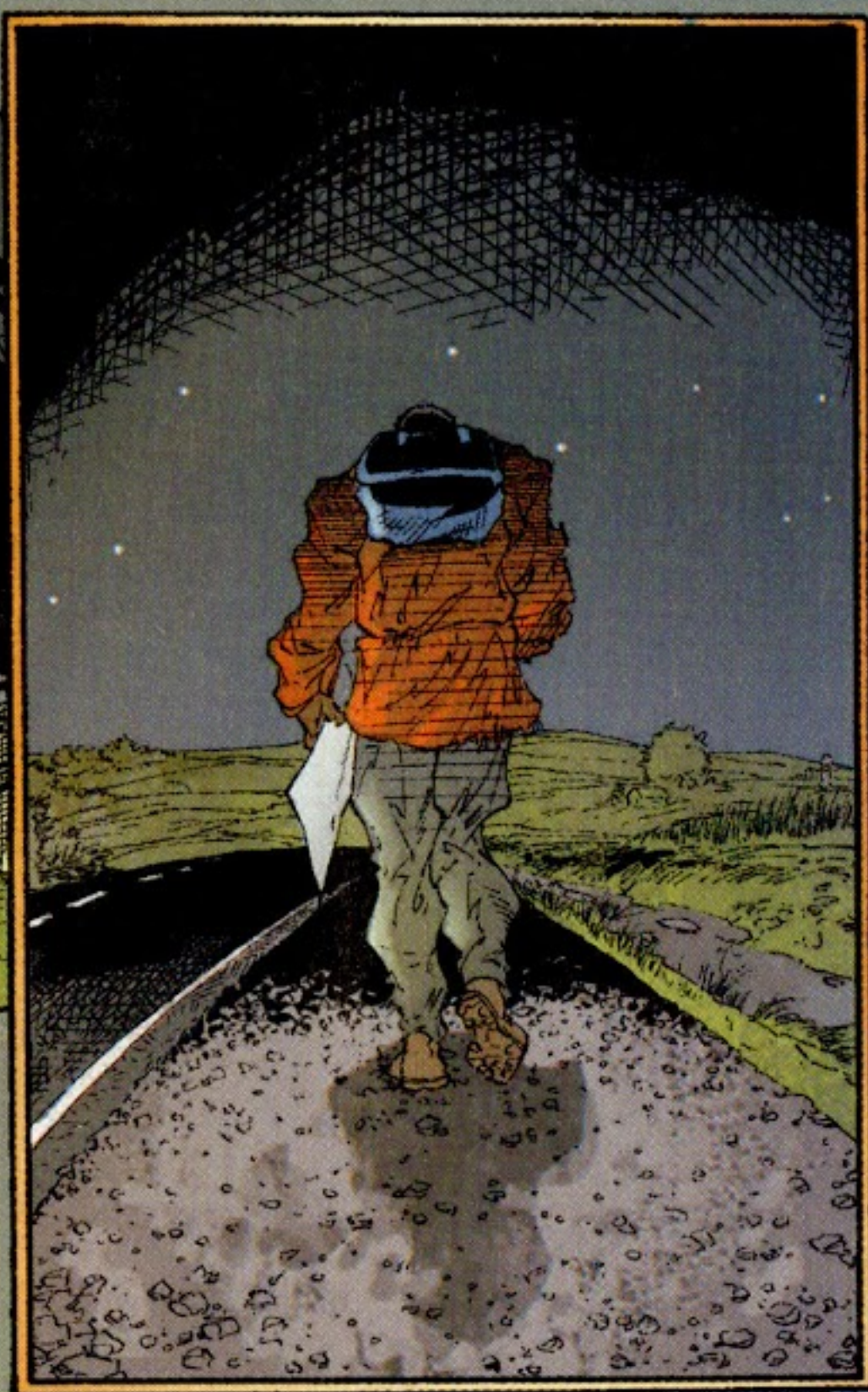
THE HERMIT -

A wizened old man, he looks down from a great height at the child he once was. Cut off from the din and distractions of the common world, he seeks refuge in his solitude. He has abandoned his past and pities the folly of the crowd. The Hermit waits for wisdom, but he is not sure that it will come.



THE FOOL -

The Fool walks alone on the moonlit road as he sets out to seek his fortune in the wide world ...





SPAWN



My name is **AL SIMMONS**.
Formerly Lt. Colonel Al
Simmons, U.S. Covert Ops.

My name
is also
SPAWN.

I was born, served my
country and died. And
I was reborn. Couple
times. I've seen things
you couldn't imagine
in your worst
nightmares.



I've fought
heaven and
hell. Dead
gods and
angelic
warriors.
Gangsters,
serial killers,
vampires,
even a
souped-up
gorilla.

And I can remember
it all as if it
happened yesterday.

But
something's
missing.
Some part
of me has
been
stolen.

I look back at
my life (lives?)
and it's like
looking at a
newspaper
with a bunch
of articles
razored out.
Or a book
missing every
10th page.





I KNOW WHO DID THIS. I CAN SEE HIM, SEE HIS FACE...THAT SNEERING SMIRK, THE THREE SCARS OVER HIS EYE THAT I PUT THERE...

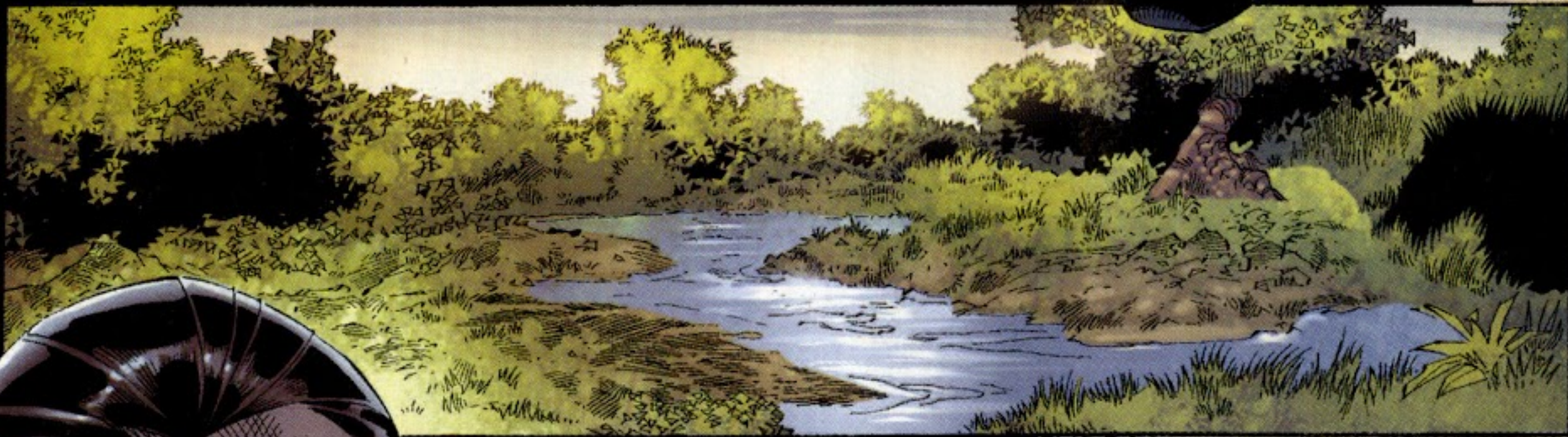
AND I CAN REMEMBER HIM PULLING SOMETHING FROM ME. I REMEMBER SCREAMING IN PAIN AS THE MEMORIES WERE TORN FROM MY SOUL.



I REMEMBER BEGGING HIM TO STOP.

I JUST CAN'T REMEMBER WHAT HE TOOK.


GODDAMN IT! WHY CAN'T I REMEMBER? ONLY THING I'M SURE OF, IT WAS SOMETHING IMPORTANT. SOMETHING THAT MEANT THE WORLD TO ME.



HEY, BUDDY. MILLIE AND ME ARE GONNA GRAB A BITE BEFORE WE HEAD OUT ON THE INTERSTATE. YOU'RE WELCOME TO JOIN US.

YEAH. COME ON. YOU MUST BE HUNGRY.






NO THANKS. I APPRECIATE THE OFFER, BUT I'M GOING TO STICK TO THE BACK ROADS. I THINK I'LL TRY TO LOSE MYSELF JUST A LITTLE BIT.


FAIR ENOUGH. I CAN RESPECT THAT.

GOD BLESS!



YEAH. YOU TOO. THANKS FOR THE LIFT. GOOD LUCK!

BYE!



A FEW HOURS OF WALKING DOESN'T DO MUCH TO SETTLE MY NERVES.

GOD ONLY KNOWS WHERE I AM. BEST FIND A PLACE TO SACK OUT FOR THE NIGHT.

LOOKS LIKE A TOWN AHEAD. WELL OFF THE BEATEN PATH.

SOMEPLACE TO LIE LOW, GET MY THOUGHTS TOGETHER.

WHERE IS THIS? I'VE NEVER BEEN HERE BEFORE. AT LEAST I CAN'T REMEMBER. MAYBE THAT'S WHAT I FORGOT.

ET IN ARCADIA EGO

IS THIS PLACE SOMETHING IMPORTANT, SOMETHING FROM MY PAST? HOW COULD I KNOW? DAMN FRUSTRATING TO THINK ABOUT.

EVERY NEW EXPERIENCE, EVERY NEW FACE I SEE COULD BE SOMETHING I'D FORGOTTEN, SOME CRUCIAL PUZZLE PIECE I'M MISSING.


OR IT COULD BE NOTHING. HOW CAN I TELL?

I CAN'T SHAKE THE FEELING I'M BEING LED AROUND ON A LEASH.

NOTHING TO DO BUT KEEP MOVING FORWARD. MAYBE I'LL FIND SOME ANSWERS. MAYBE I'LL FIND A BIT OF PEACE FOR A DAY OR TWO.

AT THIS POINT, EITHER ONE'S FINE WITH ME.


LOOK AT THIS PLACE. IT'S LIKE NORMAN ROCKWELL DIED AND WENT TO HEAVEN.



IT'S QUIET.
BUT IT FEELS, I
DON'T KNOW...
WELCOMING.
LIKE COMING
HOME.

IT'S THE KIND OF
AMERICA YOU ONLY
SEE IN MOVIES OR
PICTURES.




BUT THERE'S
SOMETHING
NOT RIGHT.
SOMETHING
JUST A LITTLE
BIT OFF.



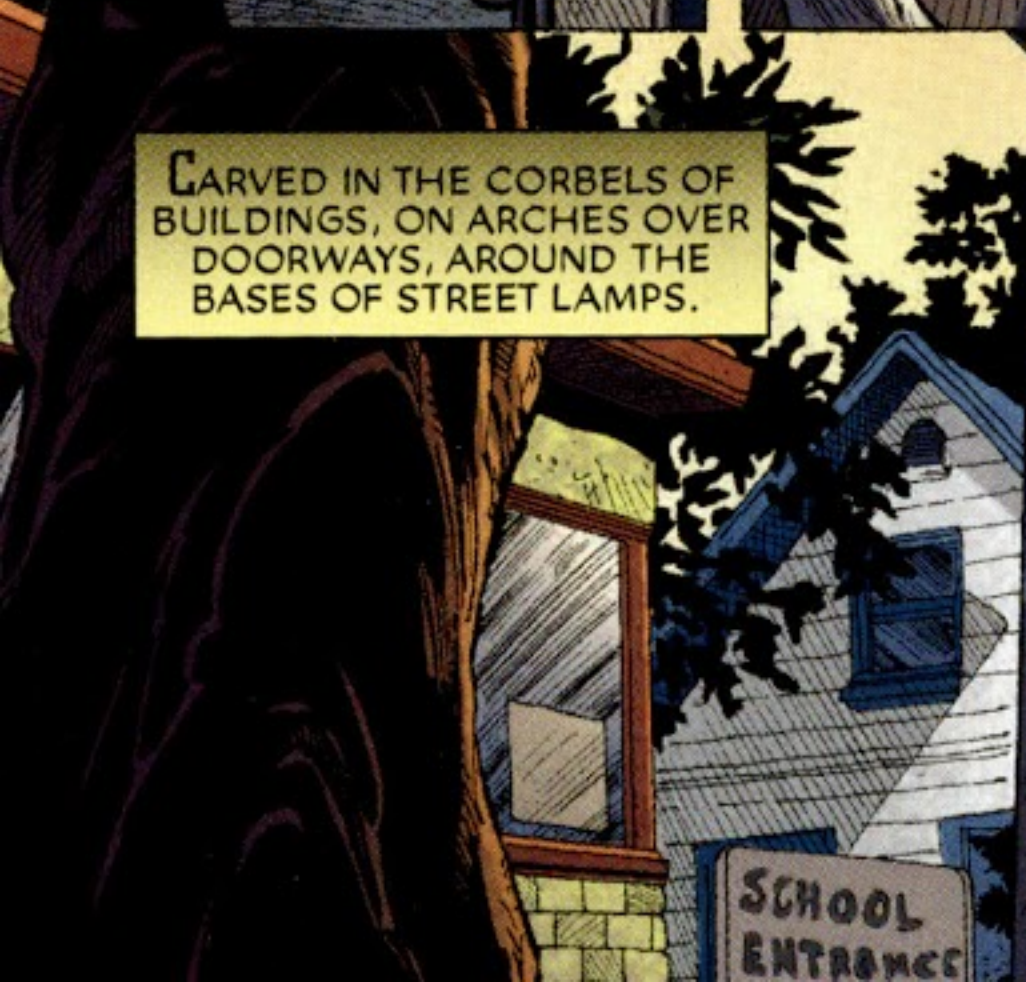

IT TAKES A
MOMENT
BEFORE IT
HITS ME.




DEVILS.



THERE ARE
DEVILS
EVERYWHERE.



CARVED IN THE CORBELS OF
BUILDINGS, ON ARCHES OVER
DOORWAYS, AROUND THE
BASES OF STREET LAMPS.



WHO KNEW OL' NORMAN
HAD SUCH A DARK SIDE?

TEIND?
WHAT THE
HELL'S A
TEIND?
SHOULD I
KNOW THAT
WORD?



TEIND

THIS SUNDAY!



PLEASE.
AND I ALSO
NEED A ROOM
FOR THE
NIGHT.





TELL YOU WHAT. YOU GO AHEAD AND ORDER, AND I'LL HAVE THE ROOM READY BY THE TIME YOU'RE DONE EATING.

SOUNDS GOOD.

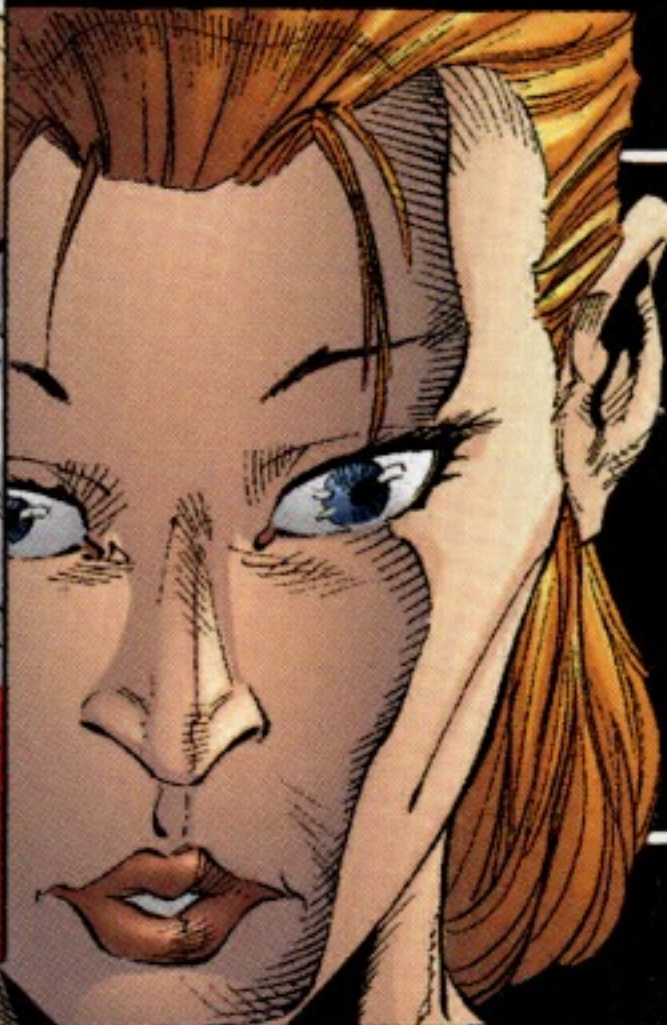
SORRY FOR THE INCONVENIENCE. BUT WE DON'T GET A LOT OF YOUR KIND AROUND HERE.



MY "KIND?" WHAT DO YOU MEAN, BLACK PEOPLE?

VISITORS.

OH.



BY THE WAY, MY NAME IS RUTH.



HERE YOU GO. ENJOY.

RUTH, LET ME ASK YOU SOMETHING. WHAT'S A *TEIND*? I SEE THESE SIGNS UP ALL AROUND TOWN... IS IT LIKE A FAIR OR SOMETHING?

SOMETHING LIKE THAT. IT'S AN OLD WORD, RELATED TO THE WORD *TITHE*. IT'S AN OFFERING MADE IN EXCHANGE FOR A BLESSING.

HERE, IT'S A KIND OF GOOD LUCK FESTIVAL. WE ASK FOR BLESSINGS AND GOOD FORTUNE IN THE COMING YEAR.





knock
knock!



HEY! I
THOUGHT I'D
BRING BY SOME
HOT CHOCOLATE
BEFORE YOU WENT
TO BED. YOU
COMFORTABLE
ENOUGH?

YES.
THANKS.
THAT'S
THOUGHTFUL
OF YOU.

JUST A JOURNAL
OF EVERYTHING
THAT'S HAPPENED ON
MY TRIP. DON'T WANT TO
FORGET ANYTHING,
"YOU KNOW."

IT'S
NOTHING.
WHAT ARE
YOU
WRITING?

RUTH, I PASSED
A SIGN ON THE WAY
INTO TOWN, BY THE BRIDGE.
SOMETHING ABOUT
EGO, I THINK.



"ET IN
ARCADIA
EGO."

YEAH.
WHAT IS
THAT?

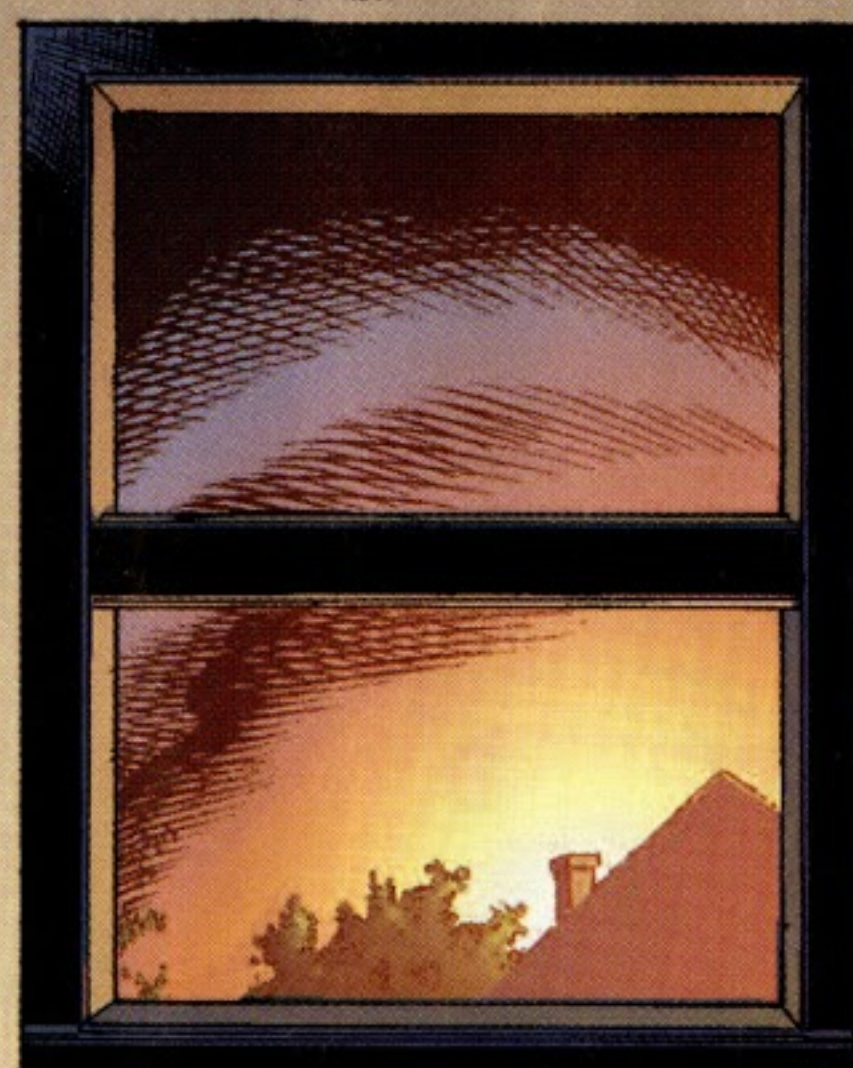
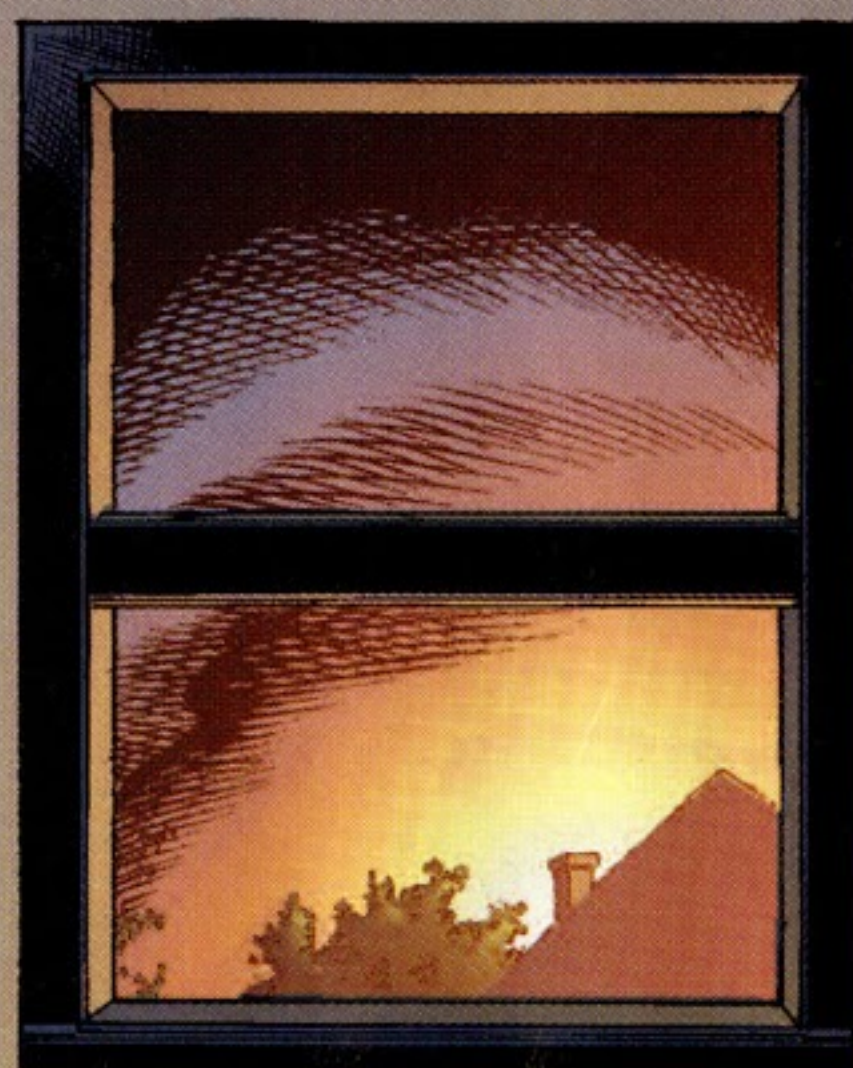
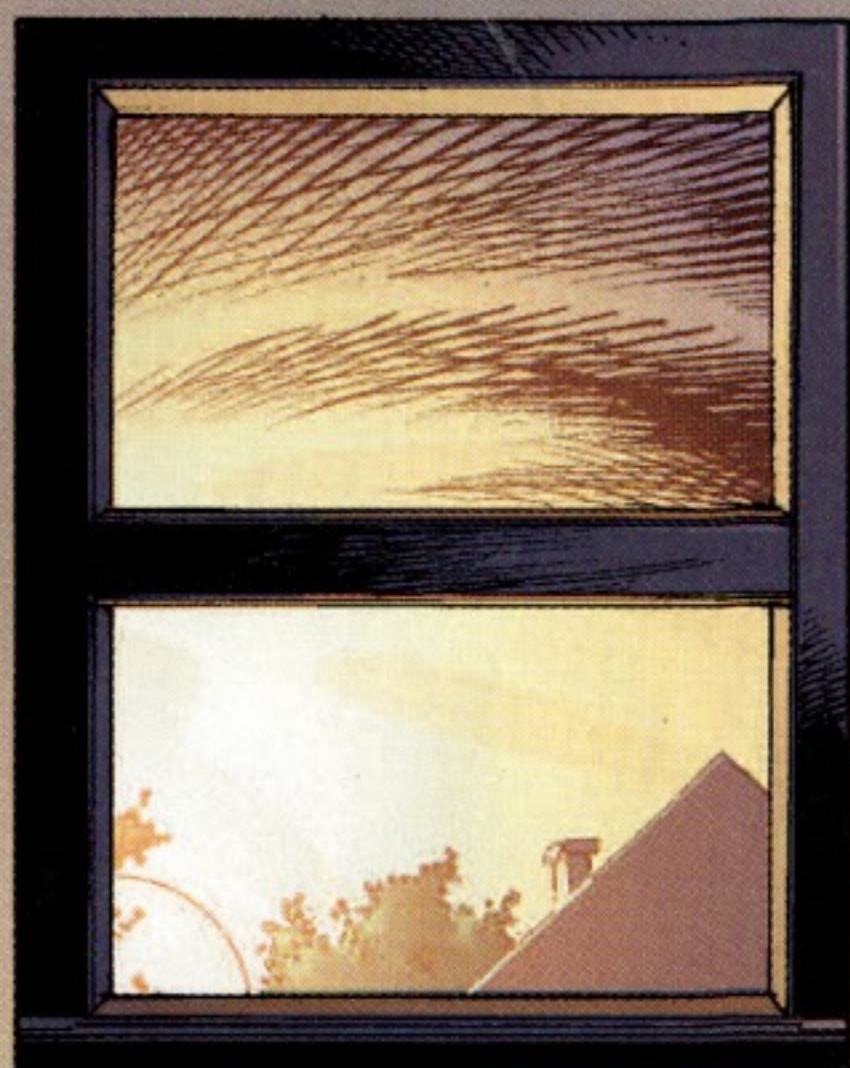
IT'S LATIN.
IT TRANSLATES
ROUGHLY TO
"EVEN IN
PARADISE, I AM
HERE."

"I AM
HERE..." WHO'S
HERE?

DEATH.

SLEEP WELL.
YOU LOOK LIKE YOU
CAN USE IT.

I'LL
TRY.





WHY DO I GET THE FEELING THAT
WHATEVER THIS TEIND IS, IT'S SOME-
THING THEY DIDN'T WANT ME TO SEE?

ACTUALLY, IT KIND
OF LOOKS LIKE FUN.
MAYBE IT'S FOR
LOCALS ONLY.

LOOKS LIKE THE
WHOLE GODDAMN
TOWN IS HERE.

COSTUMES,
GAMES,
FOOD...

SO WHAT'S
THE BIG
SECRET?







WHAT'S GOING ON? SOME KIND OF PARADE OR SOMETHING.



HOORAY!
HUZZAH!
MANY BLESSINGS!

HOO-
RAH!



ANGELS. THAT'S A FIRST.



AND WHO THE HELL'S THAT? THE CROWD'S GOING MAD FOR HER.

SHE LOOKS FAMILIAR.

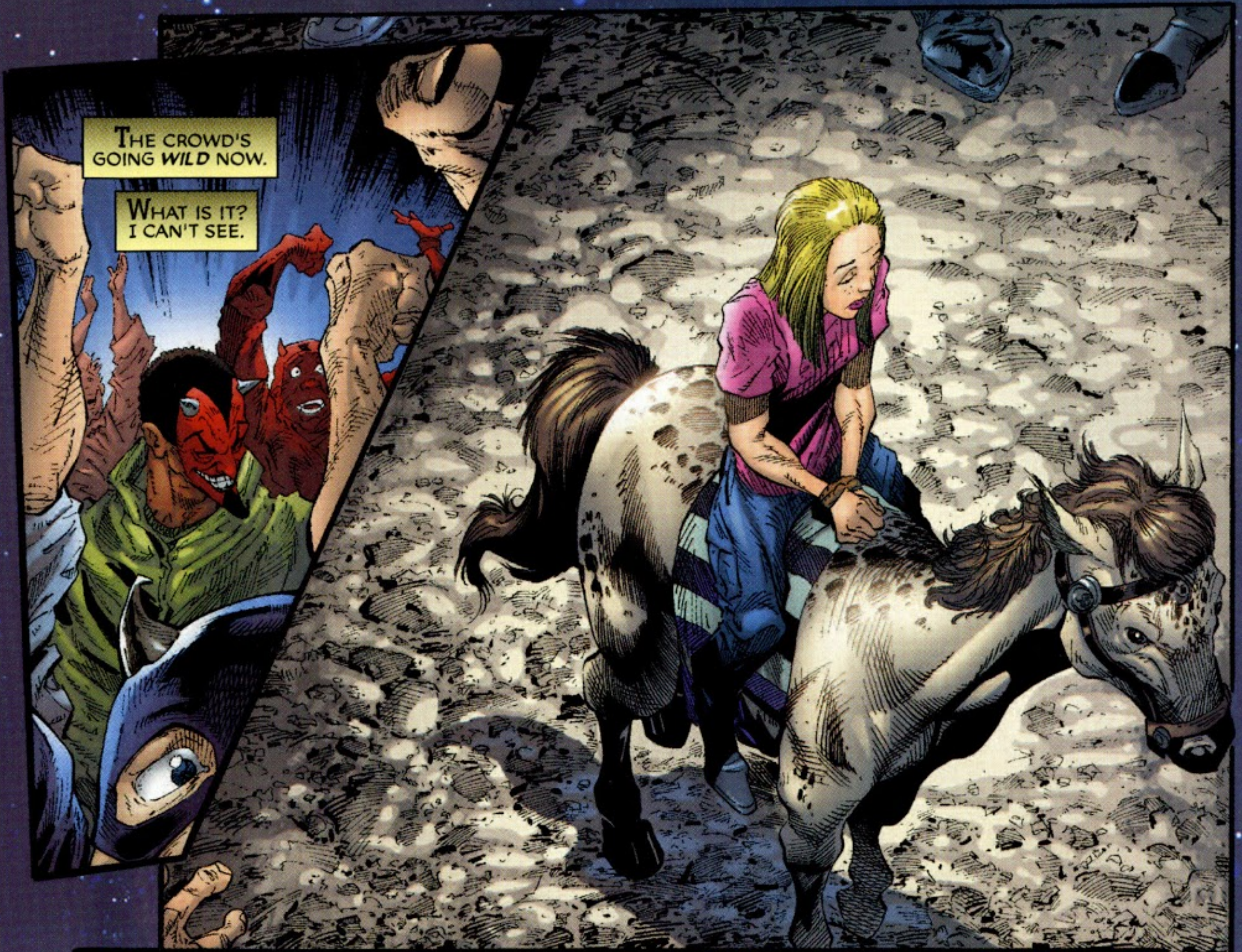



OH MY GOD...

BRING FORTH THE TEIND!


RUTH?









RUTH AND THE
OTHERS ARE
TAKING HER INTO
THE FOREST.




I DON'T LIKE
THIS ONE BIT.



"ET IN ARCADIA EGO."



EVEN IN PARADISE...



...I AM HERE.





I'M NOT
AFRAID... I'M
NOT AFRAID...
I'M NOT...

HUUUH!

ARE YOU...
ARE YOU MY
DEVIL?

NO. NOT
TODAY.





BY THE
LAWS OF
OUR COMPACT,
WE HAVE
COME FOR
THE TEIND!



WE HAVE
COME FOR
THE
SACRIFICE!



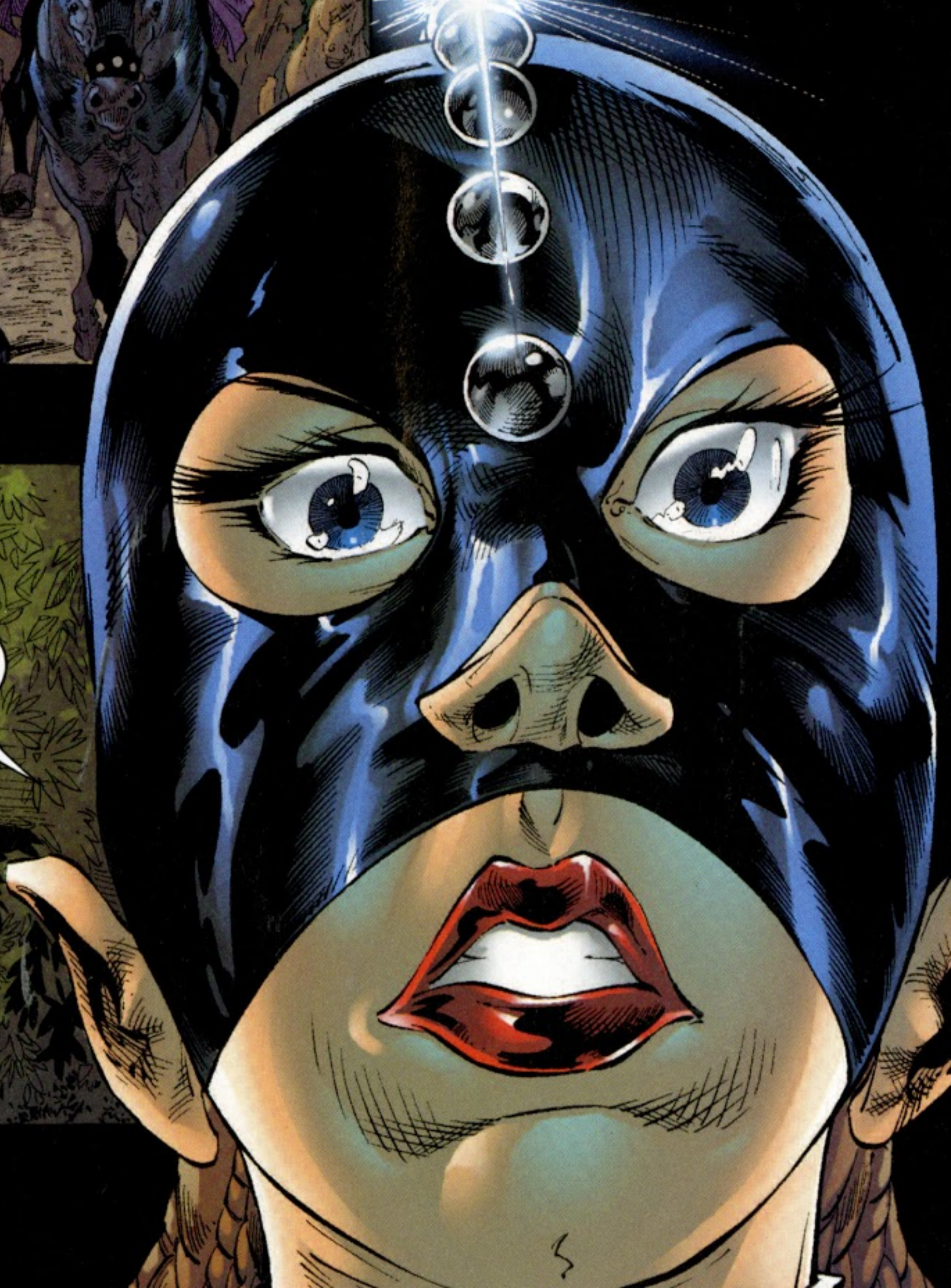
SPAWN®





MY DEAR FRIENDS,
BLESSINGS
ARE UPON ALL
OF US.

THE *TEIND*
HAS BEEN PAID.
THE CONTRACT IS
FULFILLED.



WHAT ARE YOU?
WHAT DO YOU
WANT WITH
THE GIRL?

IT IS NO
CONCERN OF
YOURS.

I'M
MAKING IT MY
CONCERN.

PLEASE...
TAKE ME
HOME. I'M
SCARED.

THREE OF THEM. NO
WEAPONS THAT I
CAN SEE. SHOULD
BE ABLE TO HANDLE
THEM. I'VE
WRESTLED WITH
ANGELS BEFORE.

WE ARE NOT
ANGELS. NOT
ANY MORE. NOT
FOR A LONG,
LONG TIME.

WHAT? HOW
DID HE KNOW
WHAT I WAS
THINKING?

YOU ARE
INTERFERING
WITH MATTERS
YOU DO NOT
UNDERSTAND.
MATTERS WHICH
ARE VERY OLD,
AND VERY
SACRED.

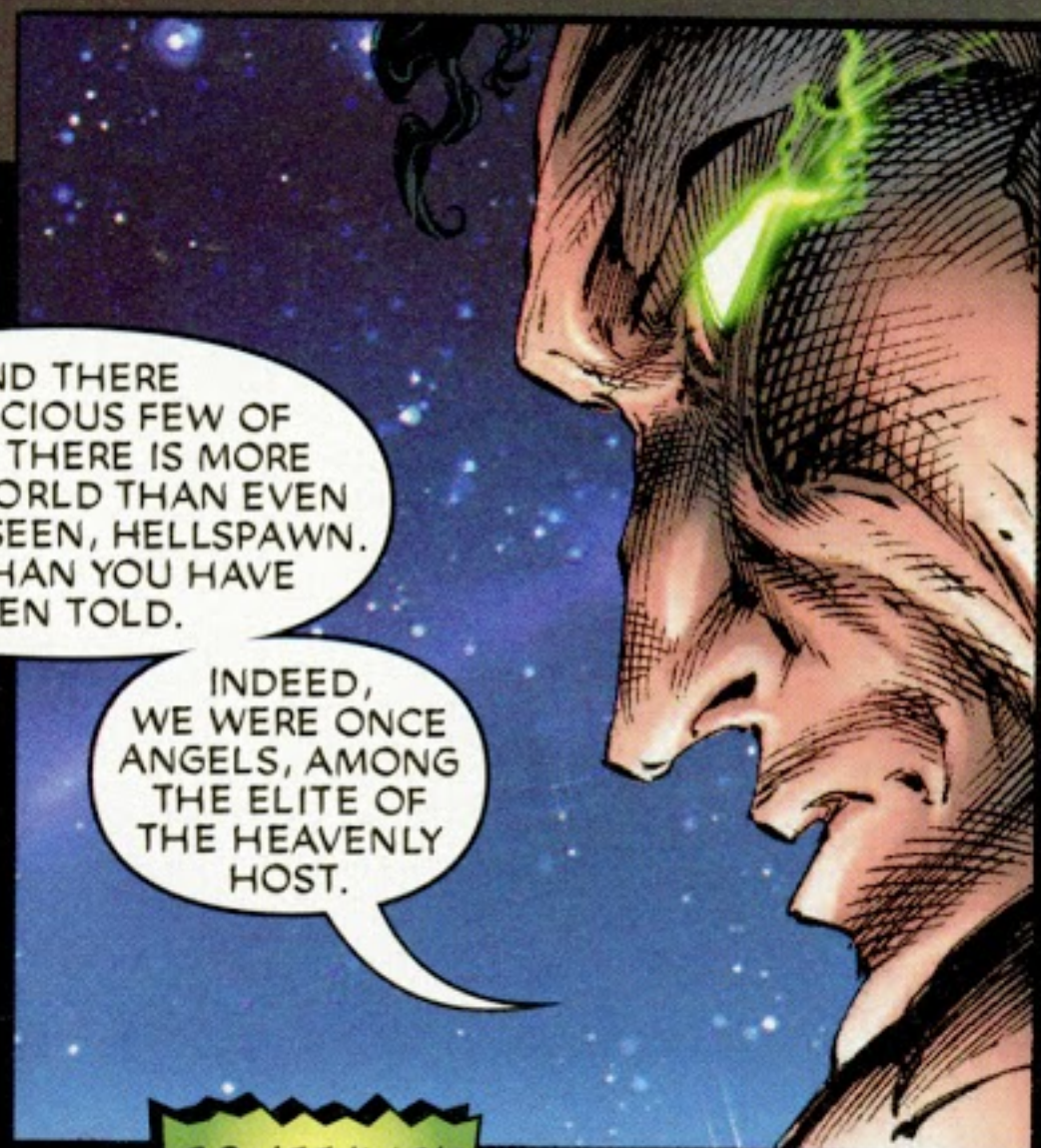
THE CHILD IS
OURS BY COMPACT.
A BARGAIN OLD AS
HUMANITY ITSELF. YOU
ARE A HELLSPAWN.
YOU SHOULD KNOW
SOMETHING OF
BARGAINS.





NO ONE'S TAKING THE GIRL ANYWHERE. NOT TILL I KNOW WHAT'S GOING ON. WHO ARE YOU?

WE ARE THE FORGOTTEN ONES, THE LOST TRIBE OF HEAVEN.



AND THERE ARE PRECIOUS FEW OF US LEFT. THERE IS MORE TO THIS WORLD THAN EVEN YOU HAVE SEEN, HELLSPAWN. MORE THAN YOU HAVE BEEN TOLD.

INDEED, WE WERE ONCE ANGELS, AMONG THE ELITE OF THE HEAVENLY HOST.

SOMETHING'S HAPPENING.



THEN WAR BROKE OUT IN THE SHINING CITY AND THE ANGELS WERE FORCED TO CHOOSE SIDES. THE ARMIES OF THE FAITHFUL WAGED BATTLE AGAINST THEIR REBEL KIN.

BUT THERE WAS A *THIRD* GROUP. THOSE WHO COULD NOT REBEL AGAINST THEIR CREATOR, YET WOULD NOT TAKE UP ARMS AGAINST THEIR BROTHER.

THE STARS IN THE SKY BEGIN TO CHANGE. THE NIGHT AIR GROWS STILL AND THE SCENT OF PINE TREES AND MOSS FADES AWAY.

SO WE WERE BANISHED, SENT INTO EXILE TO WALK BETWEEN THE WORLDS. OURS IS A TWILIGHT EXISTENCE, WATCHING FROM THE *AETHER*, BIDDING OUR TIME UNTIL THE NEXT GREAT WAR.



THE SKY BEGINS TO FILL WITH LIGHTS.

WE HAVE BEEN WATCHING. WATCHING HEAVEN. WATCHING HELL. WATCHING EARTH. EVEN WATCHING YOU, HELLSPAWN.



SUDDENLY,
I'M NOT LIKING
MY ODDS SO
MUCH.



WHAT
DOES THE GIRL
HAVE TO DO
WITH ANY OF
THIS?

OUR CONNECTION
TO THIS WORLD IS
TENUOUS. AS PART OF OUR
EXILE, WE ARE REQUIRED TO
PAY A SACRIFICE EVERY
SEVEN YEARS.

WITHOUT
THE *TEIND* WE
WOULD SIMPLY FADE
LIKE SHADOWS ON
THE WALL.



A
SACRIFICE?
TO
WHOM?

TO
HEAVEN OF
COURSE.



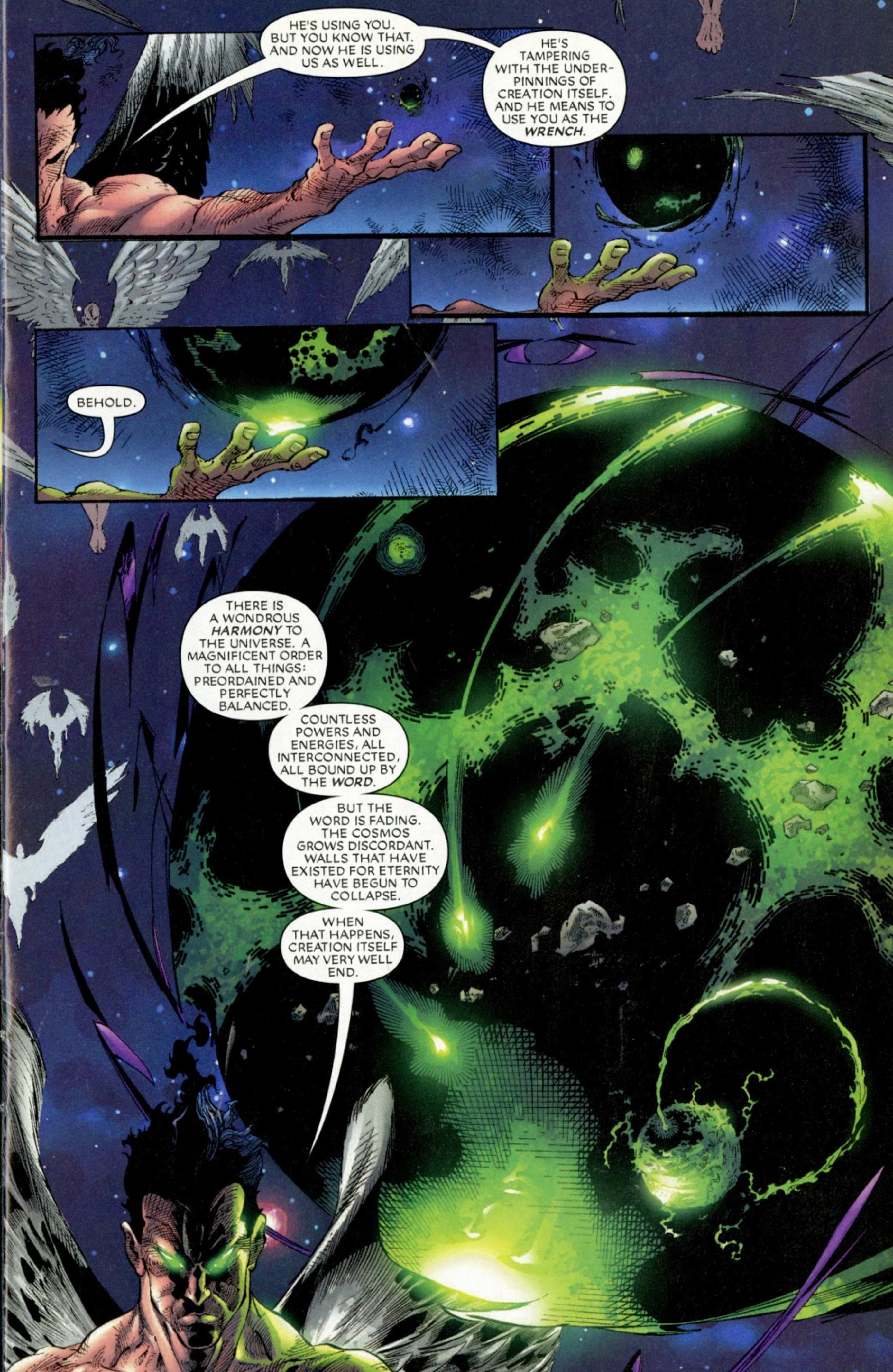
IN EXCHANGE,
WE OFFER UP BLESSINGS,
HUMBLE AS THEY ARE. GOOD
LUCK, GOOD WILL, PEACE
AND TRANQUILITY.

AND WE
HAVE DONE
SO, IN VARIOUS
PLACES ACROSS
THE GLOBE, SINCE
THE DAYS OF
ADAM.

YOU
SHOULD
NOT BE SO
SURPRISED TO
LEARN WE
EXIST.

AFTER
ALL, YOU HAVE
MET ONE OF
OUR WAYWARD
BROTHERS
BEFORE...

MAMMON...



HE'S USING YOU.
BUT YOU KNOW THAT.
AND NOW HE IS USING
US AS WELL.

HE'S
TAMPERING
WITH THE UNDER-
PINNINGS OF
CREATION ITSELF.
AND HE MEANS TO
USE YOU AS THE
WRENCH.

BEHOLD.

THERE IS
A WONDROUS
HARMONY TO
THE UNIVERSE. A
MAGNIFICENT ORDER
TO ALL THINGS:
PREORDAINED AND
PERFECTLY
BALANCED.

COUNTLESS
POWERS AND
ENERGIES, ALL
INTERCONNECTED,
ALL BOUND UP BY
THE *WORD*.

BUT THE
WORD IS FADING.
THE COSMOS
GROWS DISCORDANT.
WALLS THAT HAVE
EXISTED FOR ETERNITY
HAVE BEGUN TO
COLLAPSE.

WHEN
THAT HAPPENS,
CREATION ITSELF
MAY VERY WELL
END.




OUR LOT
MAY SEEM
HARSH, BUT WE
ABIDE BY A
COVENANT THAT
IS AS OLD AS
TIME.

WOULD YOU
INTERFERE WITH
SUCH WEIGHTY
MATTERS? DO YOU
DARE TAMPER
WITH SUCH
PERFECTION?

GOD
DAMN
RIGHT, I
DARE!

IF THERE'S
ONE THING I'VE
LEARNED ABOUT
HEAVEN, IT'S THAT
IT DESERVES TO BE
CHALLENGED.


IF SACRIFICING
LITTLE GIRLS IS ITS
IDEA OF "HARMONY,"
I CAN'T WAIT TO BRING
THE CEILING DOWN
ON IT!



YOU ACT RASHLY, AS WE KNEW YOU WOULD. EVEN THOUGH IT HELPS YOUR ENEMY, YOU LET YOUR ANGER RULE YOUR REASON.


MAMMON WAS VERY **CLEVER** TO COUNT ON YOU. VERY WELL, THEN.

IT IS WRITTEN: TO CHALLENGE THE TERMS OF THE **TEIND**, YOU MUST SUBMIT TO THE **ORDEAL**.



FOR THE DURATION OF WHICH, YOU MUST HOLD FAST TO THE **SACRIFICE**, NO MATTER WHAT OCCURS. IF YOU SUCCEED, YOU ARE FREE TO GO.

IF YOU FAIL, BOTH YOUR LIVES ARE FORFEIT.




THE TERMS ARE NOT NEGOTIABLE. DO YOU ACCEPT THE CHALLENGE?



YES.

WAIT! WHAT'S HAPPENING?



YOU JUST HOLD TIGHT TO ME. DON'T LET GO. NO MATTER WHAT. AND I WON'T LET GO OF YOU.



PROMISE?

PROMISE.

I FEEL FUNNY...

SHE SCREAMS, HER CHILD'S VOICE
PIERCING LIKE A TEA KETTLE.

THEN IT DIPS LOW,
TO A RESONANT
AND FERAL GROWL.

THE ORDEAL
HAS BEGUN.

HER BODY IS WARM,
MUSCLE, BONE AND SINEW
MOVING POWERFULLY
BENEATH THICK FUR.

CLAWS TEAR AT ME,
TEETH SNAP LIKE IRON
TRAPS. I HOLD ON.

I DON'T LET GO.

AND THEN SHE
CHANGES AGAIN.



THE WARM FLESH
GROWS COLD. SCALE
AND FANG REPLACE
FUR AND CLAW.

THE BODY
LENGTHENS AND
NARROWS, BUT
THE MUSCLE'S
STILL THERE.

THE PRESSURE IS
PHENOMENAL. IT
THREATENS TO CRUSH
ME TO PASTE.

I HOLD ON
AND DO MY
BEST NOT TO
CRUSH HER
BACK.

THEN SHE SHIFTS AGAIN.
THE SERPENT BECOMES
A RAGING BULL.

I CLAMP
MYSELF
AROUND
ITS NECK
AND RIDE
FOR
DEAR
LIFE.

I DO NOT
LET GO.



THE BULL
FALLS
AWAY,
SHRINKING
BENEATH
MY
GRASP.

IN ITS
PLACE
ARE
BLACK
FEATHERS
AND
HOLLOW
BONES.
I'M
SCARED
I'LL KILL.

SHE
ALMOST
GETS
AWAY.

THEN THE RAVEN
BECOMES A RAT,
BURROWING THROUGH
THE FOLDS OF MY
CLOAK. THE FIRST
CHANCE SHE GETS SHE
RUNS FROM ME.

skweek!



SHE
CHANGES
AGAIN.

COLD AND
SLIPPERY, SHE
LEAPS FROM
MY GRASP.



I HOLD
ON TIGHT
AS I CAN.



NOW IT IS
A FIRE. A
BLISTERING
INFERNO THAT
I CANNOT
CONTAIN.



IT SPILLS OUT
OF MY GRASP
AND THEN
GROWS.
TAKES ON A
HUMAN
SHAPE.



SEEING
MY OWN
FACE
STARTLES
ME.



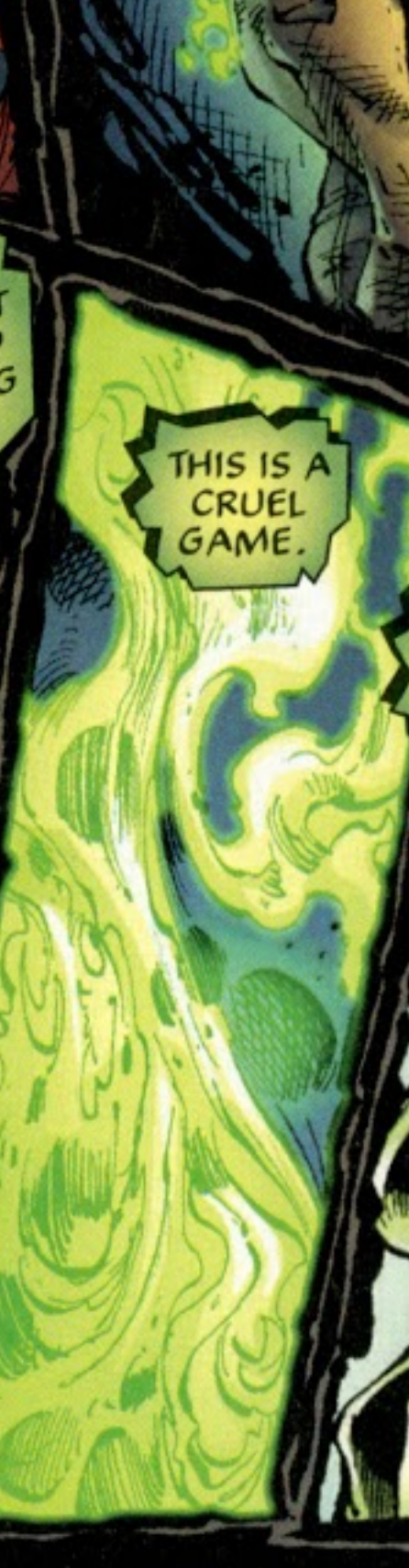
I WATCH
MYSELF DYING,
BURNED TO
DEATH BY A
TRAITOR'S
HAND.



I WATCH
MY FACE
SCREAM IN
ANGUISH,
CRYING OUT
FOR MERCY
AND FINDING
NONE.



I WATCH AS
MY SKIN AS IT
BLISTERS AND
POPS, MELTING
AWAY TO
REVEAL
CHARRED
BONE.



THIS IS A
CRUEL
GAME.



BUT I
DON'T
GIVE IN.

AND I
DON'T LET
GO.



WHAT'S THIS?

SHE'S BEAUTIFUL AND TERRIFIED.



BEFORE I CAN THINK ABOUT WHO SHE COULD BE, SHE CHANGES AGAIN.



RUTH.

WHAT ARE YOU DOING? DON'T BE A FOOL! YOU ARE DOOMING OUR ENTIRE VILLAGE!



IS IT NOT BETTER THAT ONE IS SACRIFICED FOR THE MANY? IT'S NOT TOO LATE. LET GO OF ME.

PLEASE, FOR THE LOVE OF ALL THAT IS HOLY, LET GO OF ME!



SHE SCREAMS LIKE A BANSHEE, BUT I DON'T LISTEN.



HOW LONG HAS THIS BEEN GOING ON? IT FEELS LIKE HOURS, DAYS PERHAPS.

STILL I HOLD ON.



JUST AS I PROMISED.



TO THE VERY END.



WHAT HAPPENED?




YOU HAVE WON INDEED. BUT IT IS A DARK VICTORY AT BEST.

ONE MORE CHAIN OF HISTORY HAS BEEN SNAPPED. THE TEIND IS FREE TO GO.

rummmble

MARK MY WORDS, HELLSPAWN: THERE SHALL BE MORE SACRIFICES YET TO COME, BECAUSE OF YOUR ACTIONS TODAY.

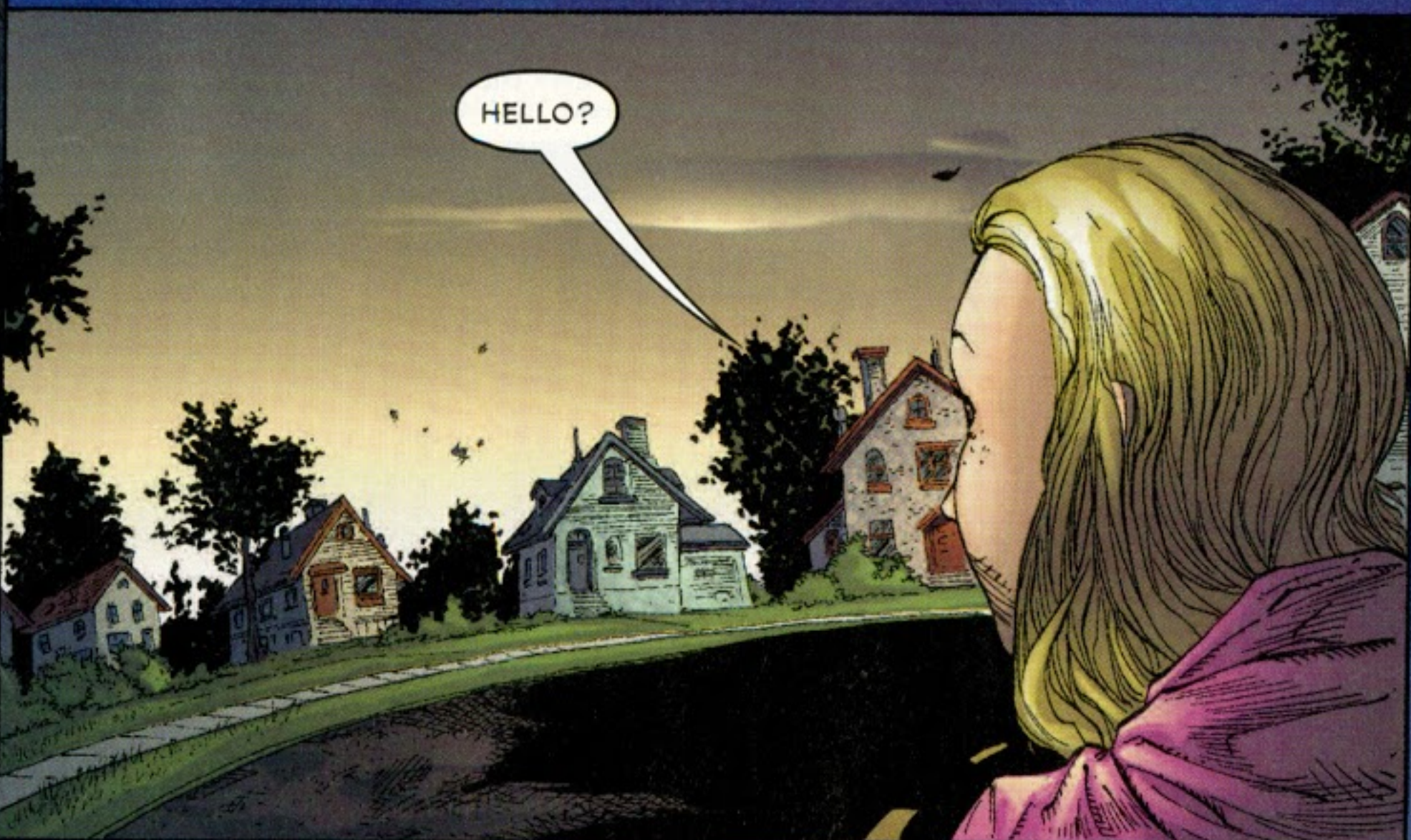
AND THEY SHALL BE FAR MORE DEAR!



THE HEAVENS
FRACTURE INTO
A THOUSAND
JAGGED PIECES
AND WE ARE
BACK IN THE
WOODS AGAIN.

THE GIRL WON'T
EVEN LOOK AT
ME. GOD ONLY
KNOWS WHAT
ALL THAT WAS
LIKE FOR HER.

THE FIRST
CHANCE
SHE GETS
SHE RUNS
FROM ME.



ET IN
ARCADIA
EGO



ARE YOU WATCHING
ME, YOU SON OF A
BITCH? DID YOU GET
WHAT YOU WANTED?

ARE YOU
LISTENING IN
ON MY
THOUGHTS?

I HOPE SO. I HOPE
YOU'RE WATCHING CLOSELY.
BECAUSE WHEN I TAKE YOU
DOWN, I WANT YOU TO
SEE ME COMING.

THAT'S A
PROMISE.



SPAWN[®]



147



DIGITAL
EDITION

SPAWN.COM

NORTHEAST
MINNESOTA.



NOW I KNOW
YOU MIGHT THINK
THAT WHAT I'M
ABOUT TO TELL
YOU IS JUST A
TALL TALE.



BUT I SWEAR
EVERY WORD
OF IT IS THE
BIBLE TRUTH,
SO HELP ME.



WE DON'T GET MANY STRANGERS PASSING THIS WAY. 'CEPT FOR HUNTERS, WHO MAKE SO MUCH NOISE YOU CAN HEAR THEM FROM MILES OFF.



THERE WAS ONE FELLA A FEW YEARS BACK, BUT HE WAS DEAD WHEN WE FOUND HIM. HAD A BIG SACK OF MONEY WITH HIM, TOO.



Snff!



HE WAS FROZEN STIFF AS A STONE.



LOTTA GOOD THAT MONEY DID HIM.



MISTER...



HEY, MISTER!

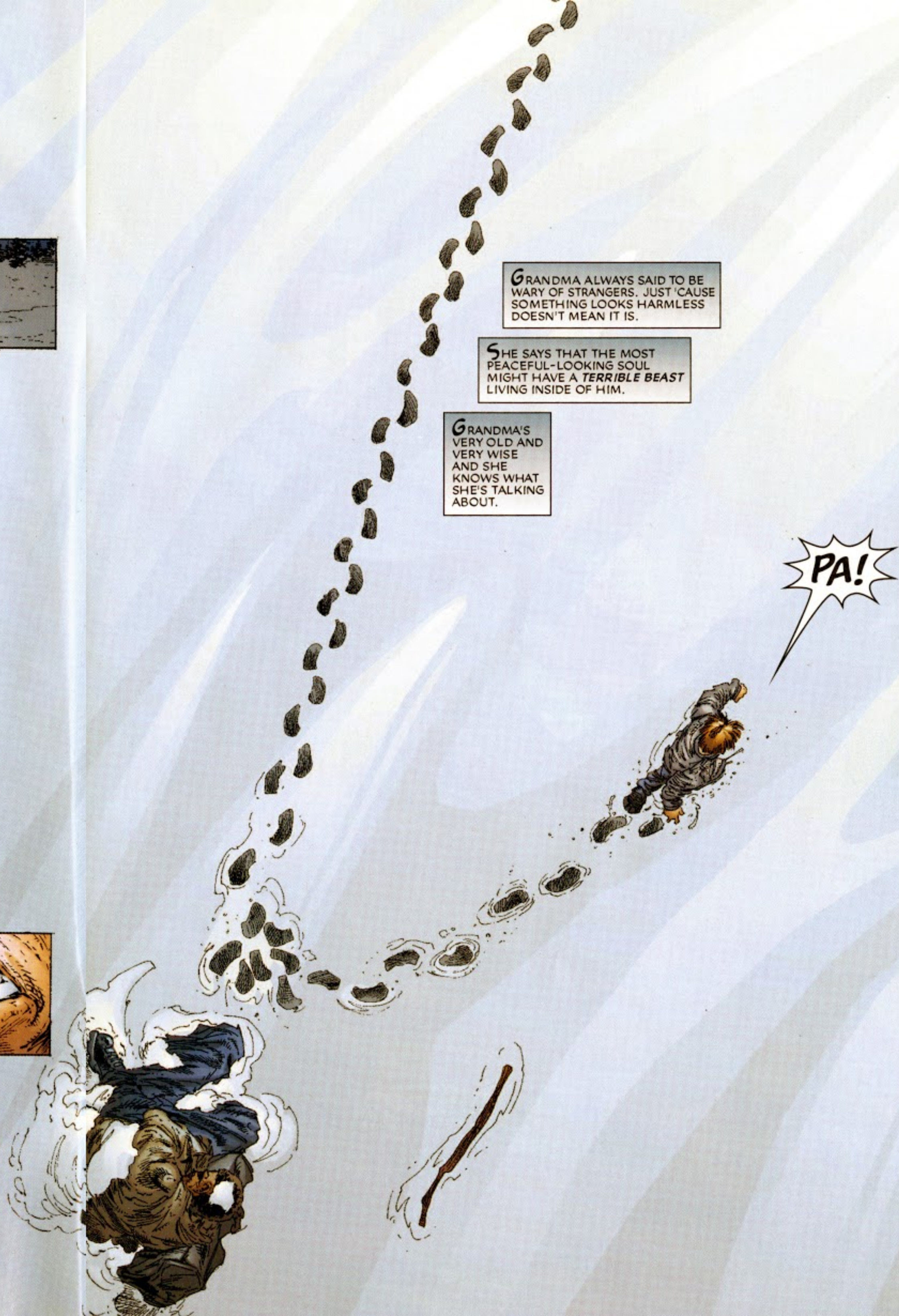


GRANDMA ALWAYS SAID TO BE WARY OF STRANGERS. JUST 'CAUSE SOMETHING LOOKS HARMLESS DOESN'T MEAN IT IS.

SHE SAYS THAT THE MOST PEACEFUL-LOOKING SOUL MIGHT HAVE A *TERRIBLE BEAST* LIVING INSIDE OF HIM.

GRANDMA'S VERY OLD AND VERY WISE AND SHE KNOWS WHAT SHE'S TALKING ABOUT.

PA!





HUHN....
WHERE....
WHERE
AM I?



MA! PA!
HE'S
AWAKE!

AFTERNOON,
FRIEND. IT'S ALL RIGHT.
DON'T FRET. YOU WERE
PASSED OUT IN THE SNOW IS
ALL. LUCKY YOU DIDN'T
FREEZE TO DEATH.

I'M THE
ONE THAT
FOUND
YOU.

THAT'S MY
BOY, JON. MY
NAME IS JED AND
THIS IS MY WIFE,
DINAH.

WELCOME.
I BET YOU'RE
PRETTY
HUNGRY RIGHT
ABOUT NOW.



UM, YES.
THANK
YOU.

MY NAME
IS AL. AL
SIMMONS.





WELL, MR. SIMMONS,
YOU'RE WELCOME TO
STAY HERE TILL YOU'RE
RESTED UP.


THANK YOU.
THAT'S KIND
OF YOU.

YOU MUST
HAVE SOME
TOUGH HIDE ON
YOU, FRIEND. NOT
EVEN A HINT OF
FROSTBITE.


MR. SIMMONS,
MIND IF I ASK YOU,
WHAT BRINGS A MAN
THIS FAR OUT IN THE
WILD WITHOUT PROPER
KIT OR CLOTHES?

STUPIDITY, I GUESS.
I'VE BEEN HITCHING
ALONG THE BACK ROADS. I
MUST'VE GOTTEN LOST AND
MISJUDGED THE WEATHER. I
DIDN'T REALIZE IT COULD
GET SO COLD SO FAST.


WHERE
WERE YOU
HEADED?



NOWHERE,
REALLY. I GUESS
I'M JUST TRYING TO
FIND MYSELF. OR LOSE
MYSELF. I HAVEN'T
QUITE WORKED OUT
WHICH IT IS.



WELL,
MR. SIMMONS,
I'M SURE I DON'T
KNOW WHAT THAT
MEANS. BUT YOU
ARE WELCOME
HERE. WE'RE GLAD
TO HAVE THE
COMPANY.



WHO'S READY
FOR SECONDS?
THERE'S PLENTY TO
GO AROUND.



HMMPH.



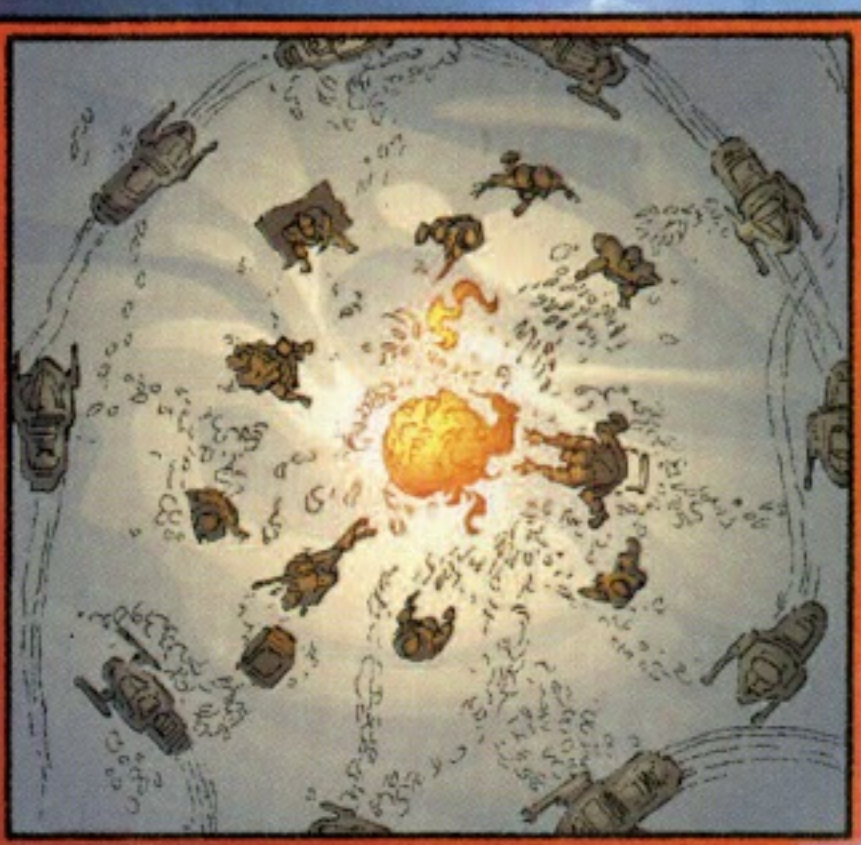
LISTEN,
PA. DID YOU
HEAR THAT? I
THINK THEY'RE
COMING
BACK.



WHO'S
COMING
BACK? WHAT
DID YOU
HEAR?



NOTHING.
DON'T FRET ABOUT IT.
YOU NEED YOUR REST,
FRIEND.



WELL,
BOYS, THIS
IS GONNA BE
A HELLUVA
NIGHT!

TO HELL WITH
THE GOVERNOR, TO
HELL WITH THE GOD-
DAMNED DNR!

"PROTECTED
SPECIES" MY ASS.
WHEN I WAS
YOUNG THE STATE
PAID A BOUNTY ON
PELTS. NOW IT'S A
CRIME? GIMME A
BREAK!

WE'RE
JUST DEFENDING
OUR LAND. THAT'S
A RIGHT NO ONE
CAN TAKE FROM
US.



AMEN
TO THAT.
THAT THE
NEW RIFLE,
BILL?

YEP.
BEAUTY,
AIN'T SHE?
CLIMATE-
RATED...NIGHT
SCOPE...
EVERYTHING
BUT POWER
STEERING.

I CAN
SHOOT
THE TITS OFF A
HUMMINGBIRD
WITH THIS
GIRL.

Hwoot! /



WHOOOAAH



WHAT
TIME IS IT?
HELLO?



ED?
JON?
WHERE IS
EVERY-
ONE?



≥ SIGH ≤
DEJA VU
ALL OVER
AGAIN...



1840?





THE WIFE
WANTS ME TO GO
TO COUNSELING, CAN
YOU BELIEVE IT?
SAYS WE DON'T
"COMMUNICATE."



YEAH? WHAT DID
YOU TELL HER?

NOTHING.



BOYS?



BOYS!



I THINK I GOT--
AHHHAAH!



SON
OF A
BITCH!





YOU MURDERING
BASTARDS!




MARY,
MOTHER OF
GOD...



GRRRRRN!





YOU BOYS
WANT TO PICK ON
SOMEONE...

GRRRRRR!

HR
RRNH!!



COME
PICK ON
ME!



WHAT THE HELL?

Hrrrmph



COME ON...
COME ON...

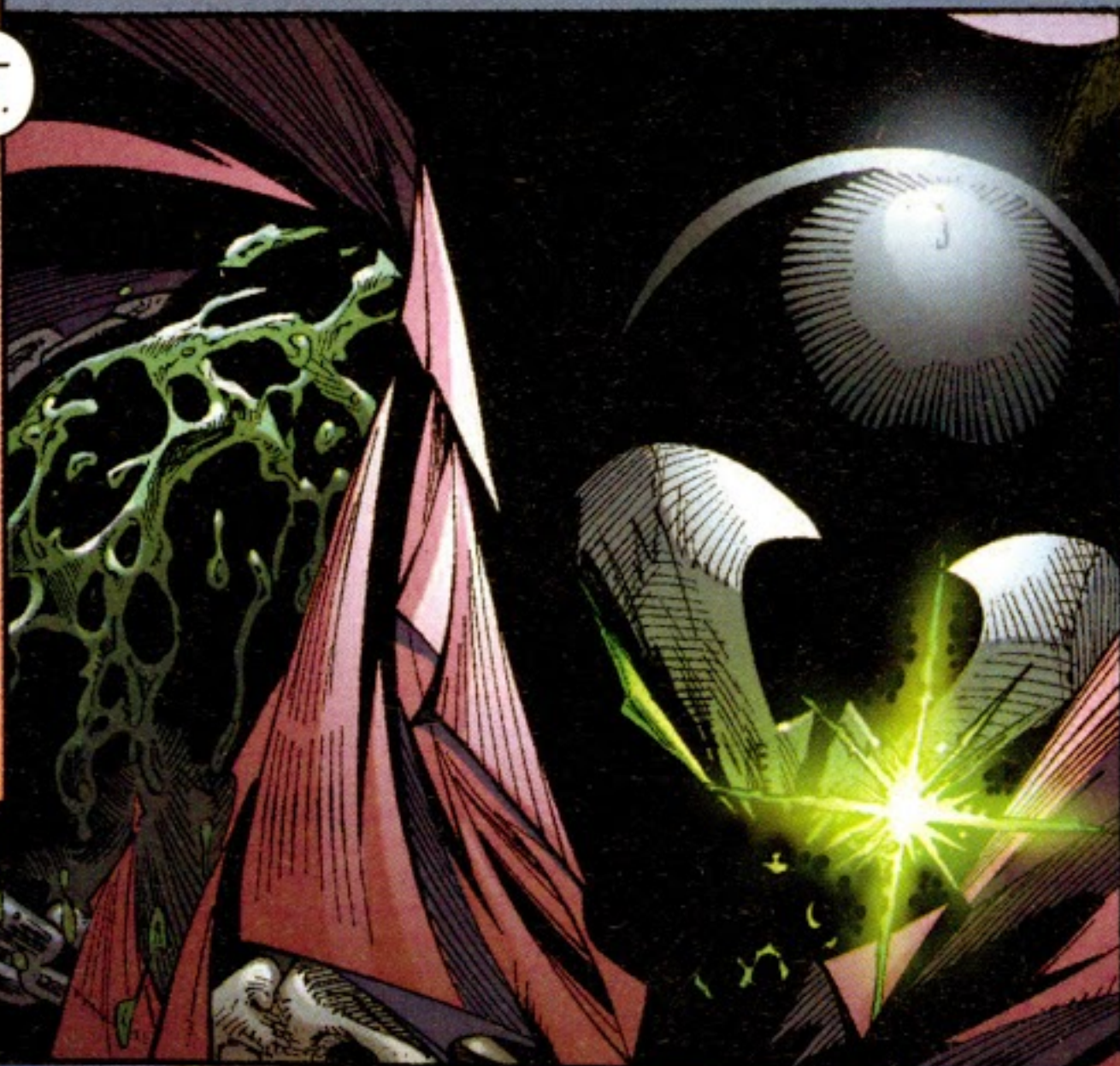
ROAARF!

WHAT THE
DEVIL IS THAT
THING?

AAA WHOOO

COME
ON...HOLD
STILL...

AAAH!



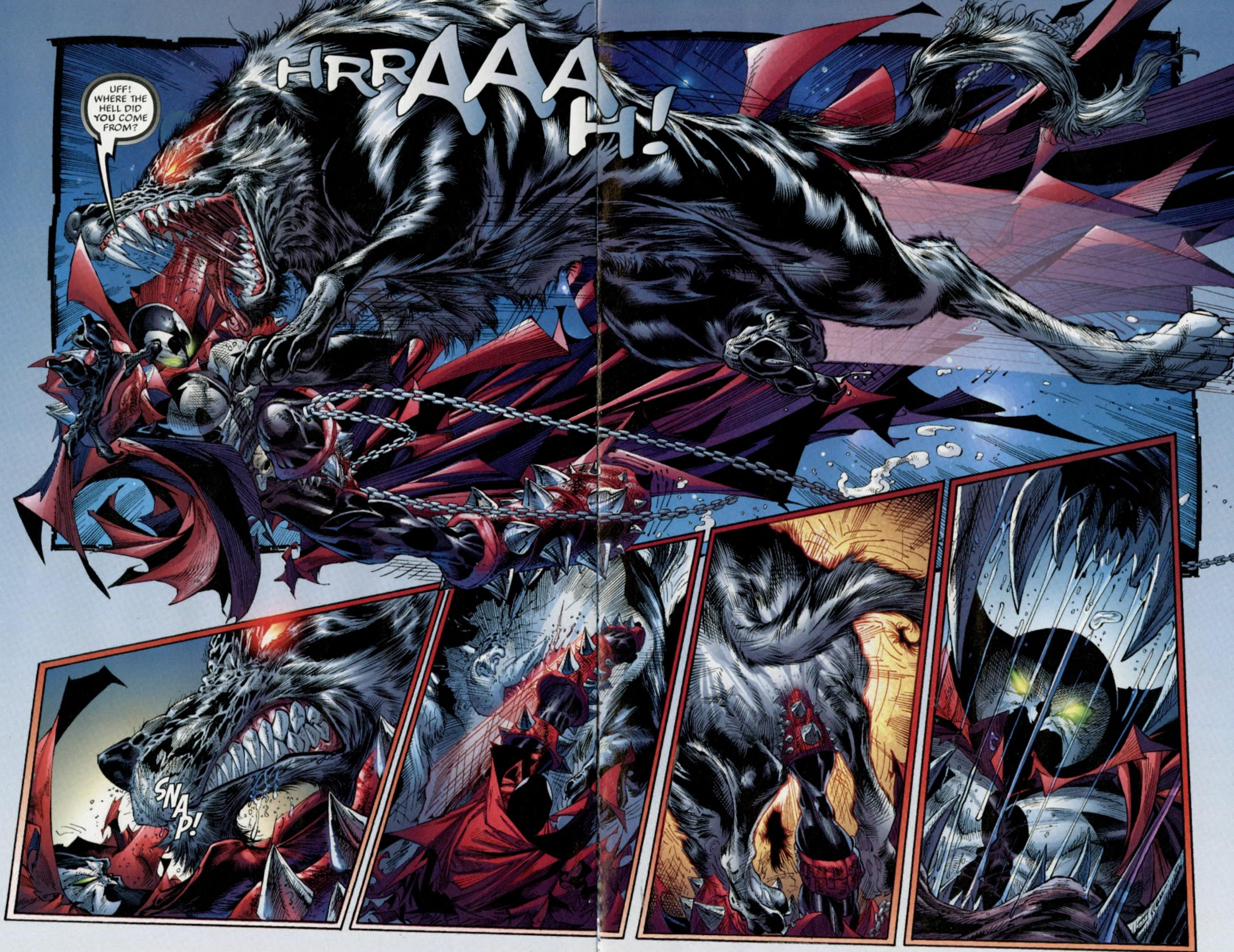


H
R
G
H

IF YOU
HURT THAT
FAMILY...

IF...

A
A
R
O
A
H



HRRRAAHH!

UFF!
WHERE THE
HELL DID
YOU COME
FROM?

SNAP!



AAA WOO OOO!

PHF
FT



NO HUNTERS EVER
CAME BACK AFTER THAT
NIGHT, I CAN TELL YOU.
AND WE NEVER SAW OR
HEARD FROM THE
STRANGER AGAIN.

SOMETIMES I
WONDER IF HE
EVER FOUND
WHAT HE WAS
LOOKING FOR.
OR IF HE'S
STILL OUT
THERE
WANDERING
SOMEWHERE.

GRANDMA SAYS
IT AIN'T MUCH
USE WORRYING
ABOUT MATTERS
THAT DON'T
CONCERN YOU.

LIFE HANDS YOU TROUBLE
ENOUGH WITHOUT GOING OUT
AND LOOKING FOR MORE.

AND FOLKS ARE
GONNA DO WHAT
THEY'RE GONNA
DO, EACH
ACCORDING TO
HIS NATURE.

THAT'S THE WAY IT'S
ALWAYS BEEN. FROM THE
BEGINNING OF TIME, TO
THE END OF THE WORLD.

JON! SUPPER'S
READY! COME ON IN
AND SAY GRACE!

YES,
MA'AM!



SPAWN[®]



CHICAGO,
ILLINOIS.

IT'S
STRANGE
SOMEHOW.
HOW ONE
CITY CAN
FEEL SO
COMPLETELY
DIFFERENT
FROM
ANOTHER.

THEY'RE
ALL JUST
ROADS AND
BUILDINGS
AND PEOPLE,
BUT EACH
HAS ITS OWN
DISTINCT
FINGERPRINT,
ITS OWN
ENERGY.

THIS CITY
HUMS WITH
UNKNOWN
ENGINES, WITH
GREAT HIDDEN
PLANS. GREAT
MUSCLES
SLOWLY
TIGHTENING
BENEATH THE
FLESH.

IT IS A
PLACE OF
ABATTOIRS
AND RAIL
YARDS AND
BALLPARKS,
OF MARVELS
SHAPED IN
GLASS AND
STONE.

A CITY
THAT ONCE
BURNED
TO THE
GROUND
AND
RESPONDED
BY
REACHING
FOR
HEAVEN.

THE DIN OF
THIS PLACE
IS OVER-
POWERING.
THE BABEL
CHOIR OF
OVER-
LAPPING
VOICES, THE
SWIRL OF
SCENTS AND
COLORS.

FIELD
OF
CUE
CREAM
I SMOOT
LEY FIEL

BUT THERE'S SOMETHING ELSE,
LIKE A RADIO FREQUENCY FADING
IN AND OUT. *SOMEONE* IS TRYING
TO TELL ME SOMETHING.

THANK
YOU.

THE ONLY
QUESTION
IS, WHO?

AT FIRST I BARELY NOTICED IT. YOU HAVE TO LOOK HARD. BUT THEN, ONCE YOU SEE IT, YOU CAN'T STOP SEEING IT.

IT'S EVERYWHERE.

IT'S AS IF THE WHOLE WORLD WAS ALIVE. THE EARTH, THE SKY, THE CITY ITSELF.

WE BUY & SELL ANYTHING

IT'S ALIVE AND AWARE. AND IT'S TALKING TO ME.

I JUST CAN'T QUITE WORK OUT WHAT IT'S SAYING.

IT'S LIKE SOME INTRICATE, COMPLEX CODE FOR ME TO DECIPHER AND JUST WHEN I THINK I HAVE A GRASP ON IT, IT DISSOLVES AWAY INTO RANDOM NOTHINGNESS.

I THINK...

I THINK I MIGHT BE LOSING MY MIND.

MAMMON DID SOMETHING TO ME. MESSED WITH MY HEAD, MESSED WITH MY MEMORIES. LEFT ME DOUBTING MYSELF.

UGH!

I'M SCARED TO ACT, BECAUSE THAT COULD BE PLAYING INTO HIS HANDS. BUT IF I DON'T ACT, WELL MAYBE THAT'S PLAYING INTO HIS HANDS.

IS HE SENDING ME THESE MESSAGES? TAUNTING ME? OR IS IT SOMEONE ELSE?

OR AM I JUST SEEING THINGS?

EVENTUALLY, ALL THE NOISE FALLS AWAY AND I'M LEFT WITH ONE THOUGHT THAT KEEPS TURNING IN MY HEAD, POUNDING LIKE A JACKHAMMER.

SOMETHING I'VE NEVER HAD TO FEAR BEFORE.

WHAT IF I... IT... SPAWN... THIS UNSPEAKABLY DEADLY BEING WITH SO MUCH POWER AT MY/ITS CONTROL... IS GOING INSANE?

"WHOM THE GODS WOULD DESTROY, THEY FIRST MAKE MAD..."

WHO SAID THAT? I CAN'T RECALL.



There's no place
like HOME!

Do you have what
it takes... to be a
HERO?

HAVE I
BEEN TO
CHICAGO
BEFORE?
IT SEEMS
LIKE IT. I'VE
GOT THAT
"DÉJÀ VU
ALL OVER
AGAIN"
FEELING
IN SPADES.
MAYBE
WHEN I
WAS A KID,
WITH MY
PARENTS.

WHO WERE MY PARENTS
ANYWAY? I'M TRYING TO
PLACE THEM, BUT THEY SEEM
LIKE FACELESS MANNEQUINS,
CHARACTERS FROM A DREAM.

MAYBE I WAS ON
ASSIGNMENT HERE.

PERHAPS
I KILLED
SOMEONE.

HEY.
GIMME A
DOG AND
A POP,
PLEASE.



THANKS.



YO!
CHECK IT
OUT! IT'S A
TROLL!

HEY, TROLL LADY!
WHO'S THAT TRIP-TRAPPIN'
OVER MY BRIDGE?



LISTEN, I
GOTTA TAKE
A WICKED
LEAK...

OKAY, SO IT'S
TWENTY BUCKS IF
YOU LET HIM SPIT ON
YOU. FIFTY IF YOU LET
HIM *PISS* ON YOUR LEG!
COME ON, TOOTS! BE
A SPORT!



LEAVE
HER
ALONE.





YOU SAY
SOMETHING,
FAGGOT?

LEAVE
HER
ALONE.



YOU WANT
A PIECE OF ME,
TOUGH GUY? DO
YOU? HUH?



THAT'S
WHAT I
THOUGHT.

I GOT
TO ADMIT
IT FEELS
GOOD.



LET HIS
OWN
MOMENTUM
SPIN HIM
AROUND.



UFF!



KNEE
IN THE
BACK,
DOUBLE
HIM
OVER.



A LITTLE PRESSURE ON
THE ELBOW AND THE
REST IS JUST LEVERAGE.



I CAN FEEL
THE BONE START
TO GIVE WAY.



AAAAGH!





THUD!

THIS RIGHT HERE, RIGHT NOW, I CAN CONTROL. NO DOUBT, NO FEAR. JUST THE SWEET COLD RUSH OF ADRENALINE AND PRIMAL INSTINCT.

IT FEELS REAL GOOD.



JESUS CHRIST!
STOP IT! YOU'RE
KILLING HIM!



WHAT
THE HELL
ARE
YOU?



JESUS, CALL AN AMBULANCE!



"A GREAT UNRAVELLING." THAT WAS WHAT THE FORGOTTEN ONE SAID.

HE TOLD ME MAMMON WAS USING ME AS A TOOL, UNMAKING THE LAWS OF CREATION.



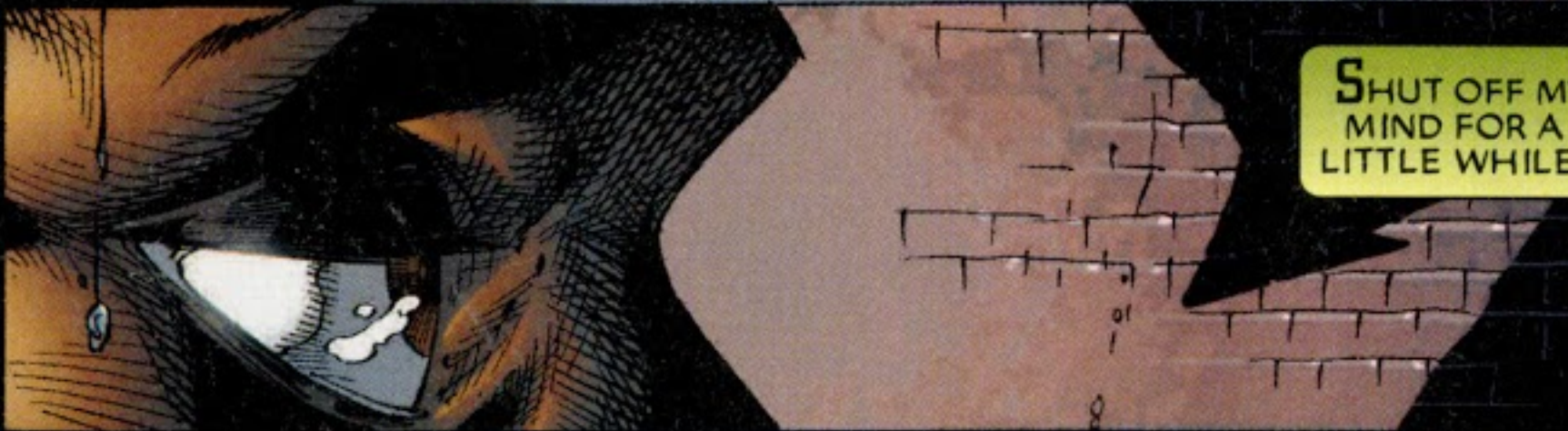
GREAT FORCES HELD IN CHECK WILL BE LET LOOSE. CREATURES THAT HAVE DWELLED IN SHADOW WILL BE SET FREE UPON THE WORLD.

A NEW REBELLION. A SECOND WAR IN HEAVEN.

AND SOMEHOW, I'M AT THE CENTER OF IT ALL. IT'S LIKE AN ENDLESS, WAKING NIGHTMARE. JUST WAITING FOR THE AXE TO FALL.



I JUST WISH I COULD CLOSE MY EYES, FOR A COUPLE OF MINUTES. ESCAPE INTO THE ARMS OF A DEEP, DREAMLESS SLEEP.



SHUT OFF MY MIND FOR A LITTLE WHILE.



PLEASE...



NO SUCH LUCK.

THIS CITY ISN'T GOING TO LET ME SLEEP.

NOT TONIGHT.



GOD DAMN IT!



I FOLLOW
THE
SHADOWS,
INTO THE
DARKNESS.
INTO MY
ELEMENT.

THEY GATHER
AROUND ME, ATTEND
ME LIKE SERVANTS.

THEY
SHIFT
AND
BEND
AND
RESHAPE
THE
WORLD.

SOMETHING'S NOT
RIGHT. THE MAZE
OF ALLEYS GOES
ON TOO FAR,
TOO DEEP.

AND SUDDENLY,
SOMEHOW...

I'M BACK
WHERE I
STARTED.


BACK
WHERE I
WAS BORN.
BACK
WHERE I
WAS...

NO. IT'S JUST A LIE.
AN ILLUSION.

A GHOST OF A
MEMORY THAT FADES
JUST AS QUICKLY AS
IT CAME.

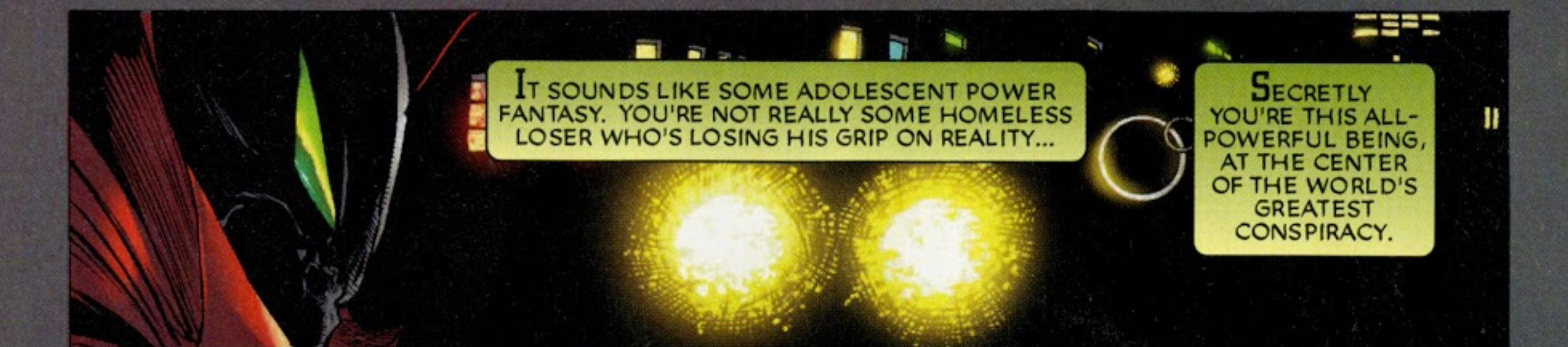
SOMEONE IS
TRYING TO
TELL ME
SOMETHING...

WHOEVER
YOU ARE, YOU
HAVE MY
ATTENTION.




CAN'T YOU SEE YOU'VE LOST YOUR MIND? GET SOME HELP, GOD DAMN IT. WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU?

NO. THIS IS REAL.
SOMEONE'S WATCHING.
SOMEONE'S TRYING TO
TALK TO ME.



IT SOUNDS LIKE SOME ADOLESCENT POWER FANTASY. YOU'RE NOT REALLY SOME HOMELESS LOSER WHO'S LOSING HIS GRIP ON REALITY...


SECRETLY
YOU'RE THIS ALL-
POWERFUL BEING,
AT THE CENTER
OF THE WORLD'S
GREATEST
CONSPIRACY.



I DIDN'T
ASK FOR
THIS.

I JUST WANT
THE TRUTH.

SKREEEETCH!



WHOA!
GET OUT
OF THE
WAY!



THOUGH THE
HEAVENS
MAY FALL.

THE
TRUTH...

I'M TIRED OF HIDING.



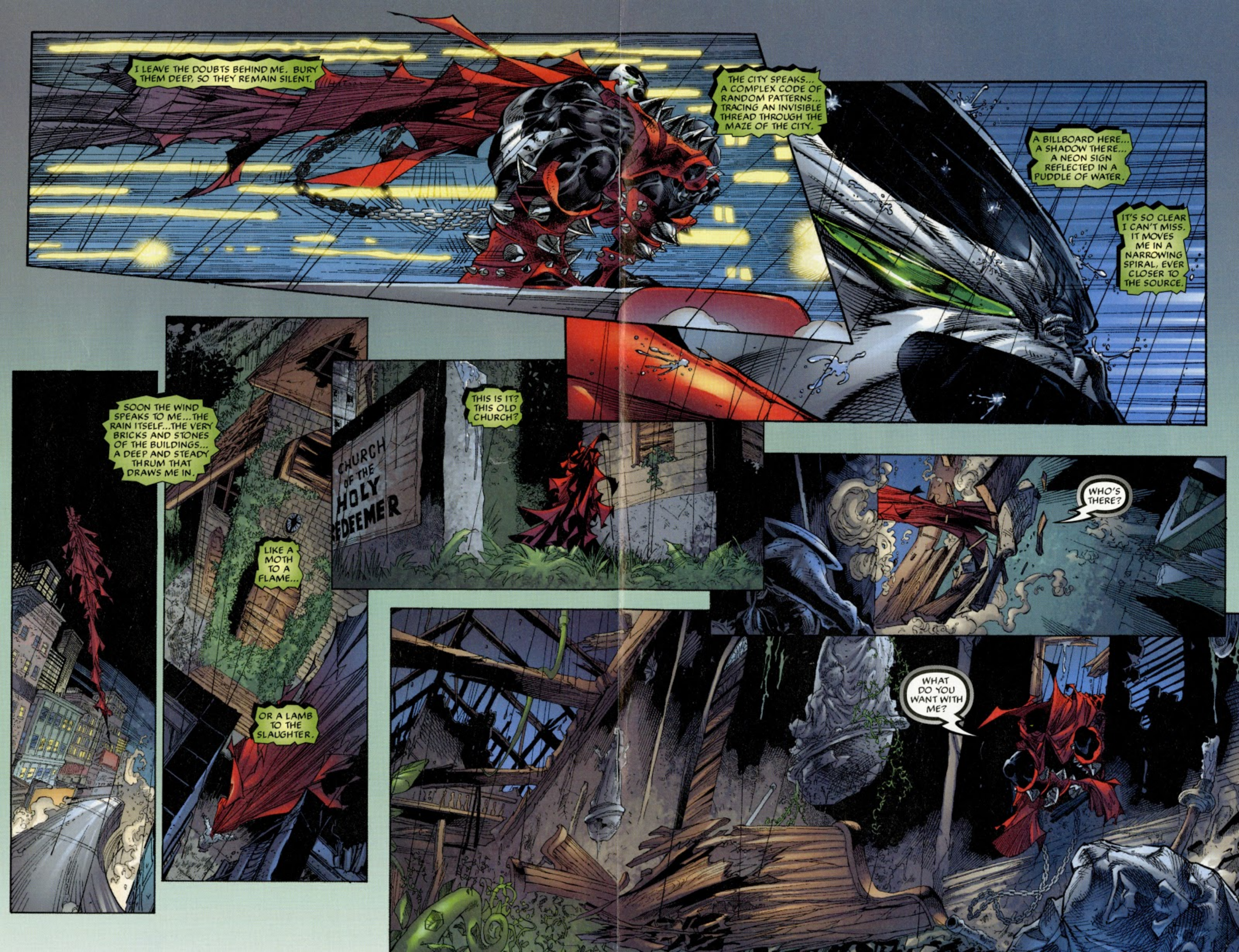
DID YOU
SEE
THAT?

I JUST
WANT
IT TO
END...

I WANT
TO KNOW
THE
TRUTH...

WHO
THE
HELL
AM
I?





I LEAVE THE DOUBTS BEHIND ME. BURY THEM DEEP, SO THEY REMAIN SILENT.

THE CITY SPEAKS...
A COMPLEX CODE OF
RANDOM PATTERNS...
TRACING AN INVISIBLE
THREAD THROUGH THE
MAZE OF THE CITY.

A BILLBOARD HERE...
A SHADOW THERE...
A NEON SIGN
REFLECTED IN A
PUDDLE OF WATER.

IT'S SO CLEAR
I CAN'T MISS.
IT MOVES
ME IN A
NARROWING
SPIRAL, EVER
CLOSER TO
THE SOURCE.

SOON THE WIND
SPEAKS TO ME...THE
RAIN ITSELF...THE VERY
BRICKS AND STONES
OF THE BUILDINGS...
A DEEP AND STEADY
THRUM THAT
DRAWS ME IN.

THIS IS IT?
THIS OLD
CHURCH?

LIKE A
MOTH
TO A
FLAME...

OR A LAMB
TO THE
SLAUGHTER.

WHO'S
THERE?

WHAT
DO YOU
WANT WITH
ME?



I SAID
**WHAT
DO YOU
WANT?**

IF YOU HAVE
SOMETHING TO
SAY, SAY IT! IF YOU
WANT A FIGHT,
THEN BRING IT!

I DIDN'T
ASK FOR
THIS. NONE
OF IT.



THOOOM!

THE
WORLD'S
COMING TO
AN END AND
I'M NOT SURE
THAT I CARE.
MAYBE IT'S
FOR THE
BEST...



PERHAPS
I SHOULD LET
MAMMON
HAVE HIS LITTLE
VICTORY. LET THIS
PATHETIC LITTLE
PLANET BE TORN
TO SHREDS.



NONE OF US
ASKED FOR THIS.
FROM THE FIRST
MAN WHO EVER DREW
BREATH TO THE LAST
CHILD EVER TO BE
BORN, WE DIDN'T
ASK FOR THIS.

LET IT
END. LET IT
ALL UNRAVEL.
SPARE COUNT-
LESS GENERATIONS
OF THE UNBORN
FROM THE
HORROR OF
THIS LIFE.



AND
YOU...

YOU
ARE THE
WORST
OF THEM ALL.
THE FATHER OF
ALL MISERES. YOU
CREATE THIS WORLD,
FILL IT WITH
SUFFERING...
WITH PAIN AND
WANT AND
DESPAIR...

YOU
TEASE
US WITH THE
PROMISE OF
AN AFTERLIFE,
OF ETERNAL
REST...

BUT
IT'S ALL A
SICK JOKE.
THERE IS
NO REST.
NOT FOR
ME.



NOT FOR
ANYONE.



TELL ME,
ARE YOU
PROUD
OF YOUR-
SELF?



I DIDN'T
CREATE
HELL...YOU
DID.

I DIDN'T
MAKE THE DEVIL...
YOU DID!
I MAY BE A SINNER,
BUT YOU
CREATED SIN.

I NEVER
ASKED TO COME
BACK TO LIFE.
WHAT REASON
COULD I POSSIBLY
HAVE TO RETURN TO
THIS WRETCHED
PLACE?

A DEVIL PICKED
ME OUT OF A SEA OF
SOULS AND SAID, "YOU
THERE! YOU WORK
FOR ME!"

STILL, THERE
MUST HAVE BEEN
SOMETHING...A
SMALL MOMENT...OF
SOMETHING GOOD
AND BEAUTIFUL...

THERE MUST
HAVE BEEN SOME-
ONE, SOMETHING
I LOVED. ONCE
UPON A TIME...

I JUST CAN'T
REMEMBER.





IS THIS
IT,
THEN?

THE GREAT
UNRAVELLING?



YOU? I...
REMEMBER
YOU. YOU'RE
THE ONE
WHO'S BEEN
CALLING
ME?



LET'S
DO IT THEN.
I'M NOT
AFRAID.



LET'S
BRING
DOWN
THE
HOUSE.



SPAWN®



Capullo 04

DANNY
Miko
05

A ..





THE AIR IS THICK AND FOUL, RANK WITH THE SCENT OF FETID VEGETATION AND ROTTING EARTH.

A NOXIOUS AND POISONOUS HEAP, THIS THING MOVES LIKE A TOXIC AMOEBA, A LIVING PESTILENCE DIVIDING AND RESHAPING ITSELF.

IT RISES UP AND LOOKS DOWN AT ME WITH GLOWING EYES.

IT DOESN'T LOOK AT ALL PLEASED TO SEE ME.



HELLLSPAWWWN...
You...YOU MUST BE STOPPED...

I HEAR ITS
VOICE IN
MY HEAD
RATHER
THAN MY
EARS. IT
SOUNDS
LIKE WAVES
CRASHING
AND TREES
TWISTING.

STOPPED?
STOPPED?
FROM WHAT?
YOU CALLED
ME HERE.

YOU
MUST BE
SHOWN.

YOU
MUST BE
TAUGHT!


THIS
WORLD IS
NOT YOURS...
NOR IS IT
THEIRS...

AAAAA
RRHH!!






IT
THUNDERS
DOWN
LIKE A
STORM OF
BRICKS.



LIKE IT'S
RAINING
HOUSES.




KICK.

PUNCH.

SLASH.

HACK.



IT DOES
NOTHING.

TEAR A
HOLE HERE,
IT SEALS UP
THERE.

A comic book page depicting a chaotic battle scene in a destroyed city. Batman, with his iconic black and white suit and red cape, is shown in a dynamic pose, dodging or being hit by a large, dark, multi-limbed creature. The creature has a red and black segmented body with sharp, white, bone-like protrusions. The background is a scene of urban devastation with crumbling buildings and debris. The lighting is dramatic, with strong highlights and deep shadows, emphasizing the intensity of the fight.

IT'S TOO FAST.
TOO MOBILE.

DEAD EYES
WATCHING
ME FROM
ALL SIDES.

A CANNONADE OF REFUSE
PUMMELS MY RIBCAGE. SLINKING
APPENDAGES TRY TO DRAW
AND QUARTER ME.

TO STRUGGLE IS
POINTLESS, BUT I
DO IT ANYWAY.
STRUGGLE IS
ALL I KNOW.

STRUGGLE
IS ALL
I HAVE
LEFT.



THE
FLOORBOARDS
SNAP BENEATH
OUR COMBINED
WEIGHT AND THE
SOIL OPENS UP
A GAPING,
EARTHY MAW.



THERE
IS NO
LIGHT.
THERE
IS NO
AIR.

JUST THIS
MONSTROUS,
UNBEARABLE
WEIGHT
PULLING ME
DOWN.

DOWN
INTO THE
DEPTHS.



THIS
WORLD
IS NOT
YOURS.

THIS
WORLD IS
NOT
THEIRS.

DOWN
INTO THE
DARKNESS.



YOU
MUST BE
SHOWN.

INTO
THE
VOID.

YOU
MUST BE
TAUGHT.



SURROUNDED
BY INKY
NOTHINGNESS.



LIKE
FALLING
INTO
HELL.

ALL
OVER
AGAIN.

YOU HAVE BEEN POLLUTED. THE BEING CALLED MAMMON USES YOU AS A TOOL. A PUPPET ON A STRING.

TO HIM, YOU ARE MERELY A KEY... A KEY TO OPEN THE GATES OF ARMAGEDDON.

VINES DIG AT MY FLESH, LIKE BAMBOO BENEATH MY NAILS. UNDER MY SKIN, BEHIND MY EYES.

THEY BURROW BETWEEN MY JOINTS. INVADE TISSUE.

HEAVEN AND HELL PLAY LIKE WILLFUL CHILDREN... FIGHTING FOR THE SOULS OF MANKIND...

THIS WORLD IS HOME TO MAN, BUT IT DOES NOT BELONG TO MAN. IT BELONGS TO ITSELF...

YOU ARE STEPS AWAY FROM STARTING A WAR... YOUR EFFORTS MUST STOP HERE...

YOU MUST BE PURGED.

THE PAIN IS BEYOND WORDS. MY MIND SWIMS, CONSCIOUSNESS FADES.

SOMEWHERE IN RED-BLACK AGONY, A DOOR OPENS.

A DOOR INTO MEMORY.

GO THAM CITY CAN AT LAST REST EASY. THE AL KNIGHT RETURNS!

AL, IS THAT YOU?

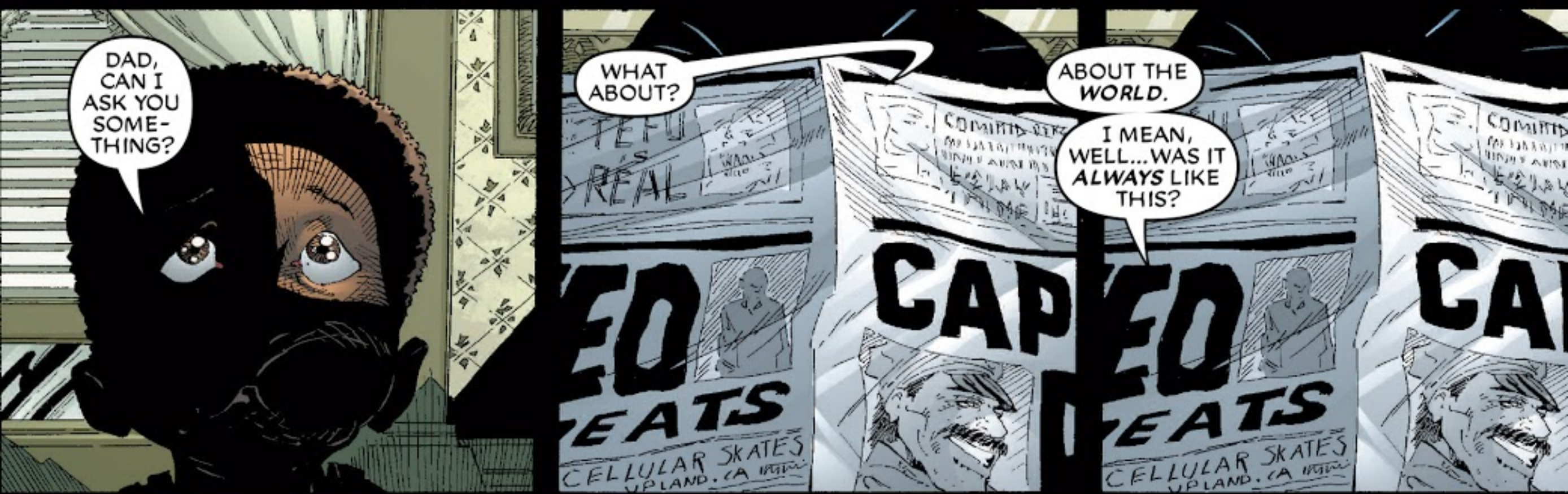
YEAH, MOM.

GO SCRUB UP FOR DINNER, HONEY. AND DON'T TOUCH THOSE COOKIES. IT'LL SPOIL YOUR APPETITE.

MMM. OKAY, MOM.

HI, POP.

HRMM.



DAD,
CAN I
ASK YOU
SOME-
THING?

WHAT
ABOUT?

ABOUT THE
WORLD.

I MEAN,
WELL... WAS IT
ALWAYS LIKE
THIS?

DON'T
ASK SILLY
QUESTIONS,
SON.

RUN ALONG
NOW. DADDY'S
BUSY.



QUIT NOW
THE SHALLOWS OF
MEMORY AND MAKE
FOR THE OPEN SEAS
OF THE FUTURE.

THE
MACHINERY
OF FATE IS SET
IN MOTION. THE
SCRIPT IS WRITTEN
AND THE
COURSE WELL
PLOTTED.

AND
THIS IS
HOW IT WILL
UNFOLD:

MAMMON
STEALS FROM
YOU. TAKES YOUR
MOST PRECIOUS
POSSESSION. HE
REMAKES YOU.
GUIDES YOUR
ACTIONS.

EVENTS SEEM
RANDOM TO YOU.
MEANINGLESS. THEY
COULD NOT BE MORE
PREMEDITATED.

THE TEIND
IS FORFEIT AND
THE FORGOTTEN
ONES ARE SET
LOOSE.

THE
HELLSPAWN,
GROWN
DESPONDENT OF
HIS FATE, AGREES
TO CRACK OPEN
THE GATES OF
HEAVEN. THE
SECOND WAR
BEGINS.

BELOW,
THE EARTH
TREMBLES AS
THE BATTLE
REVERBERATES
ACROSS THE
WORLDS.

THOSE WHO
ABSTAINED IN THE
FIRST WAR MUST
FIGHT IN THE
NEXT.

IN HELL
BELOW,
THE NEW
KING'S
TOWER AT
LAST
BREACHES
THE WALLS
OF HEAVEN,
AND AN
INFERNAL
ARMY POURS
FORTH.

SHADOW
ENGULFS THE
EARTH AND
HUMANITY LOOKS
TO THE SILENT SKY,
PRAYING TO A
DISTANT GOD FOR
DELIVERANCE.

THEIR PLEAS GO
UNANSWERED.

CREATURES
OF DARKNESS,
LONG HIDDEN
FROM MORTAL
SIGHT, STEP OUT
OF THE SHADOWS
AND TERRORIZE
THE WORLD.






FOR THERE IS
NO GOD
TO
ANSWER
THEM.

THE
GREAT
THRONE
SITS
EMPTY.
ITS MAKER
VANISHED
OR
PERHAPS
PERISHED.
IT IS NOT
KNOWN.




THIS IS
THE SECRET
MAMMON
HAS
LEARNED. A
SECRET
HEAVEN HAS
FOUGHT TO
KEEP
HIDDEN.




THE CHOIRS
OF THE SHINING
CITY KEEP UP
THE FACADE,
CARRYING ON AS
IF NOTHING HAS
CHANGED.



BUT GOD IS ABSENT
NONETHELESS.



THE WAR
ITSELF IS
MEANINGLESS.
A CHARADE.
SO MUCH SET
DRESSING.



FOR IT ALL
DEVOLVES, AS IT
MUST, INTO CHAOS.
INTO ENTROPY. ALL
OF THE OLD
ALLIANCES, LAWS AND
STRICTURES RENT
ASUNDER.

THE
UNIVERSE
IMPLODES
ON ITSELF,
COUNTLESS
WORLDS OF
POSSIBILITIES
SNUFFED
OUT BEFORE
THEIR TIME.



AND AT
THE END OF IT
ALL, MAMMON SITS
ON THE THRONE OF
CREATION AND
REMAKES THE
UNIVERSE IN HIS
OWN IMAGE.

THE FATE
OF THE EARTH
IS OF NO
CONSEQUENCE
TO HIM. LIKE
YOU IT IS A
MERE CHESS
PIECE,
STRATEGICALLY
SACRIFICED TO
ENSURE THE
END GAME.



IT IS ALREADY
WRITTEN.

NO.

IS THIS
WHAT YOU
WANT?

NO!

THEN
WHAT?
WHAT DO
YOU
WANT?

TO BE
FREE!

FREE?
WE DO
NOT KNOW
WHAT THAT
COULD
MEAN.

BUT
WE WILL
RETURN TO
YOU WHAT
HAS BEEN
TAKEN.

TAKEN?

YES. HE
COULD ONLY
CONTROL
YOU IF YOU
HAD NO
REASON TO
CONTROL
YOURSELF.

TO THAT
END, HE TOOK
THE LAST OF
YOUR
HUMANITY.

THAT
LAST, BEST
PART OF
YOUR
SOUL.





THE LIGHT
THAT SUSTAINED
YOU IN THE DARKEST
HOURS, THROUGH THE
DEEPEST HELLS.

HE TOOK
YOUR
HOPE.

WE
SHALL
NOW GIVE
IT BACK
TO YOU.

IT IS
YOURS.

IF
YOU
CAN
KEEP
IT...



MY GRAVE...

THIS IS IT?







